THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. IX. NO. 24. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1890. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HELL ON EARTH.

John Daly, of Limerick, Sentenced for Life Because of an Alleged Dynamite Plot, Fiendishly Persecuted in Chatham Prison, England.

He Was Offered Liberty and Immunity if He Would Swear Against Parnell, but Indignantly Refused the Insulting Offer.

A Terrible Record of English Brutality.

The Tory sheets of England have been berating Mr. Girdstone because he said that the treatment of Irish political prisoners by the English government was worse than the treatment of the exiles in Siberia by the government in Russia. How nearly correct Mr. Gladstone was may be seen by the report of the commission of inquiry on the treatment of the prisoners in Chatham jail, from which we make some extracts out of the statement of John Daly, imprisoned for treason felony. The document occupies ten closely printed columns of the report, and the references to his treatment extend over the period ranging from his first entrance to the prison on Aug. 6, 1884, to the inception of the inquiry:

On first entering the prison, John Daly states, he was put on tailoring work, and subsequently to the cleaning of chains, handcuffs, etc., which continued for seven out of nine months' probation, the remainder being occupied in oakum picking. During all that time he should have had an hours' walking exercise daily, but instead was compelled to work in the ground yards connected with the penal cells. About the eighth month of his probation he complained to the doctor of losing the use of his legs for want of exercise, and after that he was granted an hours' walking exercise daily. In November, '84, and between 6 and 7 o'clock a. m., Warder Durgan accused him in his cell of making a noise with a tin ware, but this Daly denied. Next the warder reported him on the ground that he was "telegraphing" by means of the noise to the man in the next cell. This Daly states was absolutely untrue, and for it he was subjected to two days' bread and water. On Jan. 2 Warder Bass again charged him with "telegraphing," and making use of an offensive expression, had him reported, and for which he was again put on two days' bread and water. About this time John Daly complained to the two officers in charge of not being allowed either salt or a spoon to season or eat the gruel he got, and remarking it was un-Christian like, one of the officers, Parker, replied, "Do you call yourself a Christian?" to which Daly made no answer, whereupon the same officer used another and more violent observation. On a subsequent occasion another warder accused him of humming, which Daly denied, but was subjected to two days' bread and water. In March he was given a needle and thread with which to sew buttons on his clothes, and being then one ounce short in the quantity of oakum he had picked, he got

TWO DAYS' BREAD AND WATER,

and, strange to say, this was a day or two after he had complained to the doctor of not getting exercise. All this time and subsequently his life and that of his fellow prisoners was made miserable through the conduct of the officers on night duty, who seemed to amuse themselves banging the trap doors of the cells, which made a horrible noise, so much so that it was impossible to sleep, except when one became exhausted. Daly continues: "I, in April, '85, was put on the works at the carpenter's, and I soon found out what a wretched time I was in for from the officer in charge, who, either from instructions or personal dislike, showed a marked difference in his conduct towards myself and the other prisoners, Gallagher and Burton excepted." Reverting then to the early days of his imprisonment, in '85, John Daly says: "An officer, Mr. Memmery, came to my cell with a dose of physic, but I told him, being all right, I did not want it. He then shouted to Warder Bass that I was not going to have it, and Bass shouted back, 'Make him take it, you.' Whereupon Memmery assured me that I would have to take the physic or his 'cosh.' I took the physic, and after vomiting it escaped the purging. The next day I remarked the matter to the then assistant surgeon, who laughed and seemed to think it a good joke. I subsequently brought the matter under the notice of the doctor, with the result that the man who did not give me the physic was punished. Another doctor said to me the less complaints you have to make about the officers the better for yourself."

In the carpenter's shop, John Daly writes, his life continued to be made very miserable, independent of having the hardest work allotted to him, and being subjected to foul and insulting language. One item of the work he had to do was to carry on his back large doors and frames, which were made very heavy by the quantity of iron in them. "These we had to carry a distance of forty or fifty yards, and at night when going to bed I found my shirt stuck to my back with

HARD CLOTTED BLOOD,

owing to the skin having been torn from my back." Subsequently to this Daly was reported for having a bit of pencil and a note on his person, and got thirteen days' bread and water. A couple of weeks later he got two more days' bread and water on charge of talking preferred against him by the warder, who had got into trouble because of the discovery of the pencil referred to above. On March 15 '86 he applied to see his sister, and the request being presumably granted he was reported on the 20th for talking to his fellow-prisoner, Egan, for which he got two days' bread and water, and subsequently, asking the governor why he had not been visited by his sister, he replied: "You see you got into trouble, and I had to countermand the order." That is to say, an order, supposed to be sent to his sister in Limerick on March 15, was countermanded, because he got into trouble six weeks later.

During years of '86 and '87 Daly, from the physical suffering he had been enduring, became very weak in health, and in March, '87, had an independant medical examination granted by the home secretary in response to a statement made by Mr. William Abraham, M. P. On the morning of the examination he was in bed in the infirmary, and some time before the doctors came the principal warder brought him a large pot of hot coffee, which he requested him to drink. This Daly declined to do, stating that he would wait till a little later on, but "the warder would have him drink it right away," and watch him till he had drank it. "Now," writes John Daly, "I had been looking forward to this examination with a view of making a full statement to the gentlemen of the treatment I had received, but I was not able to say what I intended, and the only way I can account for it is that there must have been something in the coffee which dulled my intellect for the time being."

After referring at length to the medical department and the treatment he was receiving from the doctors, and, which, according to the statement, was intermittent and neglectful in character, John Daly states in about November, '89, having complained of his feet, from which he had been a great sufferer, he was treated week after week one way or another, but got little or no relief. On Nov. 18, Dr. Vicsy saw him, and told him to continue the powder he had got, and he would also put him on medicine, and on that date also, at 1 o'clock, he gave him the first dose. "The effect of that," John Daly says, "was for my face to flush,

THEN GREAT THIRST,

with slight pain in the stomach. I drank a large quantity of water. About 5 o'clock Commissioner Durgan opened the trap door, and said: 'Daly, you have enough of the powder.' I said, 'Yes, thank you, and Mr. Durgan, will you please mention to the doctor that this medicine has a strange effect on me. It has caused me most violent thirst.' Durgan found fault with the manner in which he was addressed when he was not titled 'Sir.' His knowledge of drugs," continues the narrative, "should have told him there must have been something wrong with the medicine, but Mr. Durgan did not convey the message to the doctor." Daly suffered considerably, and taking a third dose next day experienced the symptoms described: burning of the face, thirst, the intensity of which cannot be described, loss of sight and shooting pains. This third dose intensified his condition, leaving him unable to walk, and with loss of speech, he had to be taken between two men up stairs to the infirmary.

Daly, for the inquiry, then submitted the following questions: "Was it belladonna I received? Would the symptoms described be produced by belladonna, and if so, what quantity must the eight ounce bottle have contained, and if that quantity was likely to be put in a mistake by a proper compounder or otherwise?" Having referred in detail to the general prison treatment, John Daly mentions the following facts, which, he says, will serve to throw light on the dangers he is exposed to: On Feb. 19 a prisoner in the workshop put a small bit of newspaper cutting into his hand—cut so clean that a prisoner could not have done it. He had only a bare glimpse of it, but could see Sir Henry James, M. P., was at Bury, and the names of Parnell and Davitt, no date, and he destroyed it immediately, as he believed it was a trap. On the following Thursday the same prisoner gave him another portion of a newspaper, remarking to be careful of it. This man he knew wanted to betray him.

Speaking of the visitors he had received, Daly mentioned a man who represented the *Times*, who offered him freedom if he would give damaging evidence against Parnell before the special commission. The inquiry then proceeded:

Chairman—What was the next visit you had after that gentleman? I had a visit then from Mr. Pigott, of Dublin, but that was at my own request—at least, Mr. Pigott made application to the governor to visit me, and asked me if I had any objections to see Pigott. I asked for a week to consider, because at that time I was expecting a visit from young Jones, and when he did not turn up at the end of the week I told the governor that he might give an order to Pigott.

Mr. Drummond—

DID YOU KNOW PIGOTT?

I had known him for years. I visited him once in prison, and I thought it was in the way of a return of my kindness his visiting me now, but I found out that that was not so.

The Chairman—He visited you? Yes; he did not mention the name of the *Times* gentleman, but I have learned since that he was upon the same business as the *Times* gentleman.

You say you requested Jones to ask the Limerick people to get the government to grant an inquiry? To call a meeting of the citizens to ask the government to grant an inquiry into our treatment. I asked nothing more than an inquiry by men who were dispassionate and perfectly in a position to inquire conscientiously and dispassionately into the treatment.

Mr. Drummond—With regard to your *Times* visitor, what passed between you? Was there anything special? Yes, there was something very special passed between us.

Chairman—And then you have since had a visit from your sister? Yes.

And you have been told that you would not be allowed another visit from Jones? I was told that I would not be allowed another visit from Jones nor receive letters from him nor write letters to him.

Chairman—Is there anything else that you wish to call the attention of the visitors to? I wish to call attention to my being brought in contact with that gentleman from the *Times* newspaper. At the time I protested against what I was subjected to. I protest against it now, not against his having permission to visit, but in regard to what he proposed to do. He proposed terms to me which would commit my name to infamy forever; which would damn me, body, mind and memory, in the mind of my country.

You rejected those terms? I rejected them, and I said that I protested against them, and I thought it unfair for any one under her majesty's government to be subjected to such an ordeal as that ordeal was.

Did this gentleman offer you freedom? Yes; the deputy governor was present, and he knows the language that was made use of. The language that was made use of was that he was in a position to state to me that any person who would give evidence upon the inquiry which would enable the government to trace crimes which had been committed in Ireland to Land Leaguers, to Parnell, that any person who could give evidence of that kind would receive a letter or

CERTIFICATE OF PROTECTION.

Now it would be perfect nonsense to say that a certificate of protection in Chatham prison is at all necessary. What was implied consequently must have been that I would be outside Chatham prison.

The construction I put upon it was—"If you become an informer you will get a certificate of protection to save you from the vengeance of the dynamiters and Land Leaguers, and you will be able to walk as a free man about the country with a certificate of indemnity in your pocket." Now, I do not think I am exaggerating or putting a false construction upon the thing by arriving at that conclusion. My answer to him will, I think, justify my conviction at the time. My answer was, "If one word of mine in support of what you state would let me march a free man out of that gate I refuse to speak that one word, and I will remain here until I rot." Then I afterwards said I protested against the government permitting or subjecting me to such treatment. It was hard, I thought, to be kept a prisoner for years and to suffer what I have suffered, but I urged that I should be allowed to endure my sufferings in peace without their striving to destroy my reputation. Then I said, "Nothing would induce me to give one word but force." Then he said,

"WE WILL USE FORCE."

He used the expression deliberately in the hearing of Major Clayton that force would be used to take me to London and give evidence.

Major Clayton was there? Yes, and he gave the answer back, "Then use force, and that will compel him." Soon after that Mr. Pigott came, and he followed it up in a milder method. He supported the statement of the previous gentleman by saying, "I would not come here to propose to you to do anything unless it was for your own future well-being—that is, for your own good." I know in my heart that Richard Pigott was telling a lie, but I did not pretend to say anything of the kind. Now, I knew why the other gentleman came. I asked him who was it that suggested to him to come and see me? He said my name had been traced through a lot of those crimes in Ireland, that I had been connected with them. Well there is no necessity for me to say more now except my conscientious feeling that it was not true. I also knew that it was upon Pigott's suggestion that he came here.

How do you know that? That Pigott knew there was no love between myself and Mr. Parnell, and Pigott thought that whatever feeling there was between myself and Mr. Parnell would induce me to avail myself of the chance of liberty by endeavoring to trace the Phœnix Park murderers and the murders ascribed to the Land League party, I had a later visit from Inspector Littlechild, who came to try to undo the work of his two predecessors, and he honestly admitted to me that they were a pair of bunglers and that they did not know anything about the work they took in hand.

Daly gave a long catalogue of his ill-treatment. The description of the filthy scenes which surrounded his daily life for several months are too horrible for publication in a newspaper, and the vile language which was forced upon his ears, and part of which he was constrained to repeat to the visitors, cannot for the same reason be given to the public.

Donahoe's Magazine for June contains a second article on "Irish History and Literature in our Catholic Schoolbooks." A lengthy poem on "Our Lady of Guadalupe;" "Domineering over Parents, a Gentle Expostulation;" the concluding article on "Slavery and Christianity." "Glimpses of Irish Industries;" "The Bible in the Public Schools," an argument before the Supreme court of Wisconsin; "Ireland Sober, Ireland Free," setting forth the great temperance movement now going on in Ireland. The above are but a few of the leading articles in the June issue. There is also a good dish for the juveniles, together with the usual monthly notes. $2 a year. $1 for six months. Address *Donahoe's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 134 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

EX-PRESIDENT O'HEA.

Miss Mary Banim Says That Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, is of Immediate Irish Descent.

His Ancestor, Daniel Hayes, Alias O'Hea, Lies Buried in the Historic Soil of Limerick.

GARRY OWEN.

There is a path, through yellow cornfields and pleasant lanes, from St. Patrick's Well across to that world famed "Garry Owen na Gloria," sung of in every land where a Munster man penetrates—and that means every land under the sun. From the south turret we see where Garry Owen stands—a very quiet, poor-looking little rural suburb, with no more Gloria about it now than a great crop of merry children and a crowd of decent women, all ready to point to a cleared spot at the left of the line of cottages as the site of that famous pleasure garden—"Owen's Garden"—which gave its name to the place. There seems to be far greater certainty among historians about the birth, family, connections, and every day life of Fin MacCoul than is to be found about the Owen who gave his name to this place. There is no use in making researches. The only thing to be discovered is that a man named Owen had a pleasure garden here that was much frequented by the townsfolf, and that the "boys of Garry Owen beat the divil an' all for wild fun and diversion when they were up for sport." There is no use in the Antiquarian Society sending even their most learned members to seek and discover more. I tried every means. There was not a man, woman, or child I came in contact with but—no matter what business was on hands—I brought in my question "Who was Owen?" One car-driver (and if they do not know, who can?) said he was Mr. John O'Connell. Mr. John O'Connell turns out to have been a highly respectable brewer who had his brewery close by, but clearly he was not Owen. An old inhabitant said he was the Colleen Bawn's father; another said, with an air of perfect knowledge, "Well, the truth is, he was a simple man who lived in the neighborhood. Owen was the man's name, and Garry was but an obstacle they put to it." I never inquired further; the obstacle stopped me, but I chanced upon as pleasant an old story teller as there is in Limerick. She had lived in her early youth; her husband and his father before him, and her own son had been born in Garry Owen, where the son yet owns a house, and such is their love for the place—such is its glory in the eyes and hearts of its own people—that Mrs. O'Neill's son, when he traveled the world, and went to America, and God knows where, ever and always carried in his box (and has that same to this day) a stone from Garryowen. We were not amused, but felt touched, when, by special appointment, we went to see the son, the traveled stone (I hope he will keep it always), and the carefully preserved lease, granted some 150 years ago, of the old loved home in Garryowen. Pleased by our genuine interest, the old woman warmed to the subject and sung up sportively:

"Instead of Spa, we'll drink brown ale,
And pay the reckoning on the nail,
No man for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen na Gloria.

We're the boys that take delight in
Smashing the Limerick lamps when lightning,
Through the streets like sporters fighting
And tearing all before us.

We'll beat the bailiffs, out of fun,
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run,
We're the boys no man dares dun,
If he regards a whole skin."

VIEWING THE LANDMARKS.

Let us take the spire of the Catholic cathedral as a point of view for the landmarks around these southern scenes. To the east of the spire the Galtees are faint and pale; to the right of the spire is a hill on which is seen a Druid's stone known as the Bouchal braega, or the false boy, for, at a distance, the stone looks exactly like a man standing on the summit. Beside that hill is Cahir-na-ri, where King William rested the night before he marched to Singland; here he was entertained by a gentleman named Cripps, in whose family is yet preserved a ring presented by the king as a token of his appreciation of the hospitality. Below us spreads the city—the English town at our feet, and across the river, the Irish town. Close under the Catholic Cathedral spire are—the site of the Black Battery, where the women of Limerick fought so well; St. John's square, Sarsfield's statue, while near to Garryowen is old Gallows Green, where Scanlan and many a better man were hanged.

The southern embrasures frame in the beautiful Shannon, foaming from its leap down the rapids of Curraghgower; its murmur comes up here pleasantly, as we follow its broad track by quays and meadows and woods and heights; far away it flows on its course by the Fir Vo, Lord Emly's demesne, by Carrig O'Gunnel, Foynes, Scattery, and on until, a billowy flood, it at last pours its waters—increased by the flood of the Fergus—into the Ocean.

To the south-west of St. John's spire a number of hills are clear against the horizon. The first is Tory Hill, so called from its woods having been the headquarters of the "Tories," or clansmen who, in penal times, lived by raiding on their own forfeited lands. Next to Tory Hill is Knock Fierna, the Hill of Truth—a hill that is the dwelling place of all the fairies of that part of Munster. The fairies are a remnant of the wonder-working people who inhabited Ireland before the Milesians came. At the top of Knock Fierna is a cavern, from which a stone thrown in by a man is pitched up again, covered with blood, but if a young colleen throws down her ball of worsted, it is wound again and sent up to her; and if she has the courage to go there on a May morning and cast in her ball, keeping hold of the end and listening well, as the thread comes up again she will hear the name of her future husband. A moaning sound coming from the cavern, like the sigh of autumn wind, signifies an early death. Knock Fierna, too, is the countryman's weather-glass, for he knows by it in the morning what the weather for the day will be.

Farther down, seemingly almost at the Shannon, is the highest green hill in the county Limerick,

KNOCK PATRICK,

the sacred hill from whose summit St. Patrick blessed Clare. On the spot where the holy man stood is a very ancient church, with its graveyard, and from this sacred burial place, says a beautiful legend, a soul ascends to heaven every Saturday night in the year. The dark wood we see marks Tir Vo, and the high rock that stands out so distinctly against the sky in Carrig O'Gunnel.

Not very far from the trees of Tir Vo stand the ruins of one of the ancient celebrated monastic schools of the early Irish church. About four miles south of Limerick, close to the roadside, is the oldest of a group of buildings which are the remains of the monastery, the churches, and the great schools of Mungret. Historians vary somewhat in their accounts of the foundation of its primitive church, which some ascribe to St. Patrick, saying that he founded the Abbey and placed over it St. Nessan, who is thus described in the "Martyrology of Tallaght: "Nessan, the holy deacon, loved an angelic, pure mortification. There never came past his lips anything that was false or deceitful."

It is certain that Mungret existed in the days St. Patrick, that the holy Nessan was its Abbot, and that here was for centuries, under the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, one of those vast centres of piety and learning to which students came from England and from many lands. The buildings must have been extended to a considerable distance around the ruins now to be seen (and of which the church directly on the roadside is said to be the oldest), for buried foundations have been frequently bared in tilling the adjacent lands. The traditions tell of their being at one time in the Monastery as many as fifteen hundred monks, exclusive of scholars:

"Five hundred to preach,
Five hundred to teach,
And five hundred to beseech,
The mercy of God."

So erudite were the monks of Mungret that the fame of their knowledge spread far and wide, and

THE SCHOLARLY MONKS OF LISMORE,

than whom none were more learned in the country, anxious to test their lore against the College of Mungret, sent a challenge to the latter too meet them in scholarly battle; science for science, tongue for tongue. The monks of Mungret, fearing that their learning, great as it was, must be outdone in a close contest with the brethren of famous Lismore, were greatly troubled for the honor of their house, so, hearing that the disputants from the South were already on their way thither, they bethought them of a plan for saving its reputation. They dressed some of their number as countrywomen and sent them as if to wash clothes at a pond that the strangers would pass on the road. The place is yet shown—not far from the old leper house, and where two roads meet. There, as the travelers came up, the women of Mungret stood by the water, busy beetling away—beetling away at their linen, as for very life. The Lismore monks stopped to ask which road they should take. One woman stopped her beetling and answered in Latin. The astonished questioner could not speak for wonder. Whereupon a second washerwoman straightened herself up and told the way to Mungret, but this time the reply was in Greek; a third spoke to the Monks in Sanscrit, and so on through many languages. Then the men of Lismore turned back and went the way they had come, for, said they, "if the peasant women around Mungret are so learned, what must its scholars be? We should surely be disgraced in discussion with such men." This is the legend of "The Wise Women of Mungret."

Today there is, a few hundred yards from the ancient abbey, a splendid modern college under the care of the Jesuit Fathers, who, as their Augustinian predecessors did 1,300 years ago, add to their work of Christian education another special work, preparing and sending out missionaries to spread the Gospel faith in far-off lands.

The sun was shining its fullest flood from the south on the foaming Rapids of Curraghower below when we began this bird's eye survey from the old cathedral tower; there was scarce light enough to let us grope our way down the winding stairs as we came to earth again, and found the sexton good humoredly thinking it was almost time we were cold and tired. One thing we must look at—to the sexton's mind the greatest curiosity in the church—a plain slab, fixed in a pillar and bearing only these words:

"Daniel Hayes.
An
Honest Man
And a
Lover of His
Country."

The subject of this epitaph, which says, if we give the words their due weight, all that could be said in praise of any man, was a native of county Limerick; a highly gifted man. A volume of his poems, now very rare, contains, says Mr. Lenihan, "a powerful satire on the state of society in the city in 1751, when it was written. * * * He bequeathed the greater part of his property to the county of Limerick Hospital, which, however, never received the benefit of his bequest."

This Mr. Hayes was of an honorable family, more than one of whom served at the Siege of Limerick under Sarsfield, and emigrated with the "Wild Geese" into foreign service, where they won distinction. One at least of this Limerick family was ennobled by the King of France. Among the immediate descendants of Daniel Hayes is the distinguished Rutherford B. Hayes, ex-president of the United States of America. The family derive their name from the ancient sept of the O'Heas.

In a line with the cathedral entrance gates the side wall of a great stone house forms one side of the street—a great blank wall, all its doors and windows blocked up, but that here and there a mullioned arch or square in the stone work shows where entrance or window once ornamented this end of the pile.

We stopped at the humble shop opposite to ask a man standing there what the big house had been.

WHERE IRETON DIED.

"That is the very house where Cromwell's son-in-law, Ireton, died. You are now on the most historic ground in Limerick, and, as I see you are strangers, I will show you—and welcome—the turnings from this spot, right and left, that will take you to all the places of note from here to where the women of Limerick fought for us and won the day—

"They say they would fight it again tomorrow—Begor we would—in the front ranks.'"

A young woman, very poor and wan from the ill health of poverty had been listening, and here broke in, her dark eyes lighting up, and a merry smile lifting all the plainness of the sickly pallor off her face, as she joined our first acquaintance in giving minute details of the way to this or that remarkable place. The man seemed a decent tradesman, and spoke almost with the precision of a pedagogue and the politeness of—a Limerick man, and that says a good deal. Between him and the young woman we had in twenty minutes as accurate an idea of the localities about to be explored as if a guide book of old Limerick were open before us, and, better still, a friendly assurance—given by the man, with his hat uplifted in parting—that no matter where we went, no matter of whom we inquired, or what house or spot we wished to see, there was not one, down to the very poorest, but would "do their politest endeavor" to show the very cellars, if we pleased.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. D. O'Leary ticketed for Europe this week, per the steamer Servia, Mr. J. F. Jones, Wington, Esq.; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Dennehy, Miss Nellie Fitzgerald, Escanaba, Mich.; Mr. James Singer, Kearney, Neb.; Mr. and Mrs. Simon Olsen, and four children, Denver, Col.; Mr. John Paulson, Denver, Col., and Mr. J. M. Fletcher, of Kansas City. Also per the Arizona, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Omo, Daniel Omo, Mrs. Charles Henry and child, Mrs. Moran and Miss Sallie Prim.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Mulcahy, of Shields avenue, this city, will sail for Ireland, from New York, per the City of Berlin, on the 25th inst. They will be absent three months. THE CITIZEN wishes them a pleasant trip and safe return.

Capt. J. C. Delaney, of Harrisburg, Pa., has been appointed receiver of public moneys at Oklahoma.

Mr. Edward Neill has returned from Washington, where he went to look after his personal interests in the Custom House. He did not succeed, but hopes to. Senator Farwell, he says, did all that lay in his power for him.

Mr. James Conroy, the well known caterer of Milwaukee, Wis., has just returned, after a brief visit to his aged parents in the county Antrim, Ireland, after an absence of over thirty-six years. He speaks in the highest praise of the courtesy of the captains of the "Etruria" and "Umbria" on his voyage to Europe and return. He visited several old towns and villages in his native country, and deeply deplores the ruin and devastation broadcast throughout the north of Ireland, since he first left his native heath. His second parting was more sad and pathetic than his first, when a mere lad, he left his parents. On leaving home he visited England, Scotland, and the continent, and was especially delighted with the scenery in and around gay Paris, and the historic scenes of Switzerland. Pressure of business called him home abruptly, and he returns thanks to Mr. Geraghty for the kind treatment provided for him during his brief sojourn.

The numerous friends and acquaintances of Mr. M. J. Geraghty, the popular bookseller and steamship agent, West Twelfth street, will be pleased to learn of his convalescence, after a severe and protracted illness. We wish Mr. Geraghty many years of prosperity and happiness.

A Creditable Football Game.

What may be termed the football game of the season was played Sunday last in Wanderer's Grove, at Indiana avenue and Thirty-seventh street, between the Emmet and Innisfail clubs of the West Side. At 3 o'clock crowds had gathered outside around the entrance to the grounds, and people came pouring along, some in omnibuses, until the game commenced. When the ball was thrown up the people occupying the stand and lining the ground around might be counted by the thousand. At 3:50 o'clock the players were ranged by their respective captains, Martin for the Innisfails and Jones for the Emmets. At 4 o'clock the ball was thrown in by Referee Richard Wolfe, and an enthusiastic cheer rung out from the interested spectators.

For ten minutes the contestants played so closely that not even a point was made by either side. A slight southerly wind blew in favor of the Emmets and they seemed to gain a little and finally obtained a point. After an hour of the most interesting playing, during which the athletes were roundly applauded by the admiring spectators, time was called and the referee announced the result—for the Emmets, 8 points; for the Innisfails, 1 point.

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXV—(Continued).

THE LEADERS IN COUNCIL.

Whatever conversation Darby Kelly and the music maker might have on their way, there was not much to record of as occurring between Charley and the steward, for they walked on in silence, the Scotchman shivering as if with an ague fit all the way. So strongly did his teeth chatter that, were he ever so much inclined for conversation, he could scarcely command himself or purposes of articulation. His companion saw this and refrained also from speaking.

But when he saw the steward well on his way to Athlone, he bade him good night, turned into the fields, and deflecting to the east described a rapid semicircle, and was soon with his companions at the lime kiln.

"Well, boys," said the musicmaker, "this has been a strange night—hasn't it?"

"Ay, and very little done," said Darby Kelly, "and time so pressing. Tomorrow the trial takes place."

"So it does," said Charley, quickening up to this fact—"that's the thing to be talked over now, and nothing else. We have done or thought of doing nothing yet. Let us go to Harry Canavan. He'll see us and advise us what to do."

"Yes, yes—come along, that's the very thing!" said Darby Kelly, "there's not a minute to lose. We can talk of other things another time, but we must go as fast as we can now. Otherwise we won't have a word for the boys tomorrow, nor an advice nor a direction to give."

Their way was too rapid across the fields and over hedges, and by short cuts to Orchard Cottage to permit a word being spoken: so they took their swift way stealthily and in utter silence.

Arrived there they had but little difficulty in gaining entrance. There was but small chance of sleep closing the eyes of anyone in Orchard Cottage that night. The morrow was too pregnant with torture for them, the interval too laden with heartrending suspense. The two girls were sitting by the bedside where the sick youth was, discussing in words half sob, half *caoine*—echoes of their despairing hearts—the fortunes that another twenty-four hours might bring.

Their eyes brightened, however, at the entrance of the three men. Great as was their woe and painful their anticipations, the incoming of friends had a cheering effect. Even the face of the sick youth, pallid with loss of blood and worn with the swift inroad of the fell disease that was eating his life out, gladdened with a flush of health as his eyes fell on them.

A quiet but meaning look from him to the girls, when the usual salutations were over, caused them to withdraw, and the four were left alone.

"I am sorry to see you so weak, Harry; but I hope," said the musicmaker, cheerfully, "you'll soon be better and stronger."

"I'll never be better," said the youth with an attempt at firmness. "Who ever struck the blow accomplished his end."

"You'll get over it; never fear."

"No. It broke my life. I feel it. I am gone here." He placed his hand on his breast. "I am sorry for it, not for myself, but because of any good I might do for the suffering people around."

"There was no account of who done it," asked the musicmaker.

"No. How could there? I was knocked senseless. Indeed to this moment I don't know how I came here. But even if it were known—what use? It could not be recalled; my broken life could not be restored."

"The worse luck for us all," said Darby Kelly—in deep sorrow.

"It may be all for the best," said the prophet resignedly—"who knows? But about Kevin, boys?"

"'Twas about that we came to speak to you," said the musicmaker.

"I thought as much when I saw you come in. I expected you before now."

"It would be so dangerous to come in the daylight, or earlier in the night," said Darby Kelly apologetically.

"And might undo any good we have in our heads to do," said Charley in the same strain.

"It might, but they'll hardly think it worth their while to watch the place now. Have you thought of any plan? You know Kevin mustn't—nothing must be allowed to happen him."

He was about to say "mustn't die," but he shrank from using the word.

"We have not been able to strike out a plan," said Darby Kelly, "there's hands enough to do whatever is wanted—men that won't shrink from anything that's put before them—but we don't know what to put before them; that's a fact."

"That's the way it's with us, Harry," interposed Charley. "If we only knew what's to be done it would be easy enough to do it. But what is to be done?"

"I suppose, boys," said the prophet, sinking his already weak voice still lower lest his words might reach the anxious hearts around the kitchen fire, "there's not a doubt but that he will be convicted?"

"Not the least," said Darby Kelly. "Innocent or guilty, they'll convict him."

"And we all know what is likely to follow that," said the prophet with a deep sigh. "What should—what can—be done?"

"Many propositions were put forward in their whispered conversation, but all had an element of impossibility or useless recklessness in them that caused their rejection.

"It will be late when the trial is over," said Harry Canavan, at last, when the men had come to the end of their tether with their proposals.

"It will—dusk anyway."

"They'll bring him, as they brought him before, back and forward in their prison carriage," continued he. "I know it well. I saw him in it before. He must be taken from that."

"Ay; but how?" inquired all three together.

"There will be the usual accompaniment of soldiers—horsemen. Before I was hurt I was reading in the Greek an account of the battle between the Spartans and the Athenians where the latter overthrew and defeated the former by placing thin strands of wire, so thin as not to be observable, before their horses feet in the charge. The Spartan horsemen fell, and squadron after squadron coming after, all were heaped in confusion and fell an easy prey to the enemy's archers."

A violent fit of coughing interrupted the speaker's anecdote.

"Well, Harry," broke in Charley impatiently, when the fit was over, "how does that help us out? I don't see that that is much of a guide to us as to what to do."

"You must put that stratagem into practice," said the invalid. "I can't tell you how—but you must. On their return. In the confusion of the fallen horsemen you must have ready hands to tear open the carriage door, and rescue the prisoner. That's all."

"I believe you're right," said the musicmaker drawing a long breath.

"It's the only way—and you must carry it out. A bold attempt is always the best—provided there's a chance at all. And now good night, boys, for I feel very weak, and am not able to talk much. I feel very ill."

"Good night—good night Harry. I hope you'll soon be better." And they rose to depart.

"Stay a moment. Don't say anything of this to the girls as you go out. It would only add another item of terror and suspense to their torments."

"All right, Harry, never fear. Good night."

With a short but cheerful farewell to the girls they passed out into the night and were gone. The latter returned and resuming their places, talked in sorrowful whispers over the coming day until the morning beams began to creep in through the window—the prophet, throwing such hope as he could on their troubled hearts, dozed off asleep.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN PRISON AGAIN.

The prison gates had closed behind Kevin, shutting out from him all further hope. Even if he were declared innocent of this crime—and looking back on past events, he had not much hope of it—there remained the fact that he was an escaped convict, and bound by the mere fact of his re arrest to work out his original sentence.

What a succession of hideous pictures passed through his mind the day that first saw him immured, it would be difficult to portray.

It was warm, intensely warm, and the heated air penetrated to the closed up room wherein he was confined. It seemed indeed as if the burning mansion had given an additional glow of heat to the atmosphere this autumn day, for the air that came in through the barred aperture overhead—the only entrance for light and air there was—was tropical in its warmth.

He sat on the side of the bed drowsily thinking. They had retired late the previous night at Orchard Cottage and he had been aroused shortly after by the foot steps of those hurrying to the scene of conflagration. It was therefore with senses dulled by want of sleep that he looked back on the events of the past twelve months.

The morning of the departure from the English convict prison came up dreamily.

He was walking along on the way to Plymouth—prisoners beside him—prisoners before him—prisoners behind him. Loomed up before them the multitudinous lights of the city! Lights here, lights there, lights everywhere. Brightest of all a light which changed all at once into Maury's eyes—and she and he and the haunted convict, were all together on the deck of the convict ship—in the little boarding house on the Garronese coast; windows lined with roses looking out on the white strand over which the breaking waves sunnily rippled until they washed up to the door of Orchard Cottage, or to his uncle's house in Paris, where the English doctor, Sir Hardinge and Rupert Clarendon had just set fire to the city, and the flames were extending over the water to where himself and the haunted convict were wheeling forward on the the waves toward the east. The flames were coming with great rapidity towards them, and they should be shortly—that portion of them above the water—burned into cinders. Horrible!

Kevin caught himself as he was nodding forward—falling.

To keep himself awake he thought again of Maury; and to brighten his weary heart, over which sombre dream shadows were falling.

Again: Maury's bright eyes and laughing face, looking down at him from the barred window overhead, suddenly replaced by dark and sinister eyes looking down at Convict No. 37, out of the gloom of unknown darkness extending into soundless depths, unlit save where the burning mansion flings its red light streaking the blackness with bright shadows showing in relief the prison yard with manacles hanging against the wall. The blacksmith, too—he was there! What was he doing with that hammer of his? Fastening the chains upon the wrist and arms of the English doctor in the streets of Paris, under the shadow of the lamp in that narrow laneway of a street, whose end is nowhere but the morgue. Ah! the morgue. How it comes near or does he come near it? What form is that lying on its sloping slabs? What! Heavens!—It is Rupert Clarendon. Morgue, and Paris, and blacksmith shift suddenly, and Norah and he are standing within the little parlor of their house at Carrigbrare, enveloped in flames. Flames leap in through the window, leap upward from the thatch—quiver and twist, and wind and wreath around them with the convolution of ten thousand snakes! Horrible! What is to be done? Write to Rupert Clarendon, tossing on the broken mast, miles out to sea, now high on the toppling wave, now descending on its reeling sides, now laboring in the trough of the roaring sea. Heavens! how it does howl! and how the hurricane sweeps the crest off the waves over his head, and how hard it is to find one's steady footing, on the yielding rope. Send for Rupert Clarendon to come with sweeping sword and gold epaulets to shear the heads of those fiery flames, snakes, blacksmiths', that are trying to forge the links—horrid links these!—hammered with clank of iron——

He awoke again as he was falling forward—dozing, dreaming in waking sleep, in the slumberous heat and drowsiness of a hot harvest day.

How these hammerings and clankings of the prison blacksmith rang in his ears! —or was it some one unlocking the door?

Yes, it was the latter: for presently the lock, after some groping thereat, turned rustily; the barred door swung open, and enters Rupert Clarendon!

Rupert Clarendon, lying in the wine shop in the *Rue de Bounett Rouge* at Paris, insensible, Gendarme's lantern throwing its ball's eyes rays on his pallid face——

"I must apologize for my intrusion," a friendly voice said, effectually dispersing Kevin's dreaming fancies, and recalling him to wakefulness and reality.

'Oh, is it you, Mr. Clarendon?"

"Yes, I could not rest until I saw you—until I spoke with you alone. And first permit me to tell you how sorry—how extremely sorry I am that it was my unfortunate fate to have a share in the transaction of this morning;" thus Rupert with every indication of sincerity in his voice.

"It is not necessary. It was my own fault—it was my own imprudence in coming back to——"

"I received so much kindness," broke in Rupert, impatient to put himself straight with his prisoner, "I received so much hospitality; I spent so many pleasant hours in Orchard Cottage that it seems to me like an act of savage ingratitude to have, even in the discharge of my duty, been an accessory to bringing such sorrow under its roof today."

"I attach no blame to you. I should have acted similarly in your place; it was unavoidable."

"It was; but that does not alter the pain I feel. I—I—should never have been placed in a position where this would form part of my duty," added he bitterly.

There was a pause—an awkward pause—for Kevin did not see what reply or observation to make.

"I did not intrude myself on you so much to tell you that as to say that I shall do everything in my power to serve you—and thereby atone for the unintentional sorrow I have wrought. And in what I have now to say you will consider me as your friend, and in no other light? You will promise me that?"

Kevin nodded his ready acquiescence. He had heard from his sister and Maury and Joe enough to fully inform him of the frank and chivalrous character of the young officer.

"In the first place it is necessary to tell you that an information has been sworn that yours was the hand that fired Grangemore Castle. That is not true—of course?"

"It is not," said Kevin calmly—under other circumstances the news would have startled him; but he was weary and leaden-nerved and tired nature refused to give him the necessary strength for surprise. "It is not. I know nothing whatever of it. I was coming back from viewing the burning, like many others, when I was arrested. Who made the information?"

"It is signed Kelif McNab. I believe he is, or was, the steward."

"I know him. It was he who swore against me before."

"So I have heard. And wrongly then too?"

"There was not a word of truth in what he said; not one. I had nothing to do with what I was convicted of. I never belonged to any secret society. I don't think there was one in existence in this country."

"What was his object?"

"I don't know. I believe it was to lay hold of our farm. I believe it was to get rid of one who might—and God knows would!—be a barrier in his path, and so make the way easier to effect his object."

"It was a desirable farm?"

"A hundred and twenty acres," said Kevin, with a sigh. "It had once been barren land enough, I heard the old people say, but generations of careful tillage and cultivation had made it the best in the country. The worse luck for me."

"It was that he wanted."

"I suppose it was. It did not much matter to me what his motive was," said Kevin wearily. "I suffered for it, and I suppose I'll suffer for it again."

"Why that would be infamous! An innocent man to suffer transportation! Horrible—Impossible!"

"It is possible enough," said Kevin with a faint smile. "Six months in the horrors of an English prison makes it real enough—at least I should think so."

"But surely his uncorroborated word will not be taken as sufficient evidence?" said Rupert indignantly.

Kevin shook his head.

"You don't know Ireland;" said he, "anything will convict a man—when they want to get rid of him. His oath was taken then. It will be taken now. See if it don't! Who is to contradict him? Norah and Maury. Who will listen to them? No one. At least, no one sitting on the bench. That's how it is. Sure as fate."

"It mustn't be," said Rupert warmly. "It would be a sin crying to heaven for vengeance."

"If it would, there have been a great many crying to heaven even within my own short memory. But they have cried in vain."

"Not for ever—nor for long," said the officer confidently, "I don't believe that such a state of things can exist for any length of time. It would be a scandal in the face of day."

"It has existed long enough to whiten many a young man's head in the dungeon cell, or to turn his brain," said Kevin, his thoughts referring to Convict No 37, "and to send many an innocent man dangling from the scaffold high."

"At any rate," said the officer cheerfully, rising to take his leave, "it shall not be in the future. At least not if I can help it—and I think I can. Keep your heart up—do not be cast down!—and trust me as a friend who will not forget kindnesses received."

With a warm shake hands he left the cell, and Kevin, when he was alone, lay back thinking. A more comfortable feeling had grown up in his breast; and with a vision of Maury rising before him, with her fair face and eyes of laughing blue, soon was sound asleep.

There was but little time for Rupert wherein to make efforts for the safety of his prisoner, for the assizes were coming on within a few days—before which Kevin should be put on his trial. But shut off as he was from intercourse with the people by reason of his position, his efforts were limited, and indeed, for the most part, aimless.

He could, if he had good grounds for it, have used high influence with the governing body in England, on his behalf; but what grounds had he to go upon? None. None, except his own beliefs; but beliefs tell for little in a case of such magnitude.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Gougane Barra.

BY J. J CALLANAN.

[Translation of the Gaelic poem which appeared in THE CITIZEN last week.]

There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Where Lilua of song rushes forth like an arrow,
In deep valleyed Desmond. A thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash; and a time-stricken willow
Looks childingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning;

And its zone of dark hills—oh, to see them all bright'ning,
When the tempest flings out its red banner light'ning;
And the waters rush down 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle;

And brightly the fire crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming,—
Oh! where is the dwelling in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as that lone little island:

How oft when the summer-eve rested on Claragh,
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivaragh,
Have I sought the, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,

And thought all the bards when assembling together,
In the clefts of thy rocks, or the depths of thy heather,
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
And waked their last song by the rush of thy water.

High sons of the lyre! oh! how proud was the feeling,
To think—while alone through that solitude stealing,—
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I only awake your wild harp from its slumber.

And mingled once more with the voice of those fountains,
The songs even echo forgot on her mountains
And gleaned each grey legend that darkly was sleeping
Where the ruin and mist o'er their beauty was creeping!

Least bard of these hills! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit:—
With the wrongs which, like thee, to our country have bound me,
Did thy mantle of song fling its radiance around me:—

Still, still in those wilds might young Liberty rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley.
The star of the West shall yet rise in its glory,
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

I, too, shall be gone, but my name shall be spoken,
When Eire awakes, and her fetters are broken;
Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming,
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,

And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avonbine seeks the kisses of Ocean,
Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,
O'er the heart and the harp that are sleeping forever.

THE CATHOLIC YOUTH.

Rev. Father Lavelle Sends Forth a Circular in Reference to the Coming National Convention of the Young Men's Catholic Union.

460 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, MAY 18, 1890.—*To the Catholic Young Men's Societies of the United States. Gentlemen:* The Sixteenth Annual Convention of our National Union will be held, God willing, in the city of Washington next October. Although the date is still far in advance, it behooves us to begin at once our preparations for the proper organization of this assembly. The summer is a time when very little work can be done. The month of September will be too late for successful efforts. The gentlemen of the Washington societies are already in the field, making energetic preparations. They will do everything they can to cheapen railroad fares, and to provide for the delegates the very best hotel accomodations at the lowest possible expense. Furthermore, although they know the large-hearted hospitality with which we have ever been entertained, nevertheless they go so far as to guarantee that the National union has never met so hearty a reception as will be given it in our country's capitol this year.

We must not permit ourselves to be outdone in zeal by our prospective hosts.

All the societies affiliated with the National Union are hereby requested to make ready at once; to elect their delegates; and to suggest to the executive committee, through the secretary, Mr. John F. Leahy, matter for discussion at the convention.

Furthermore, all Catholic Young Men's Societies throughout the country, not yet formally members of the Union, are hereby respectfully and cordially invited to enter its ranks.

The National Union, as I understand it, is not an organization separate from the individual societies. It is an amalgamation of them all, in which each organization retains entirely its individuality, while contributing largely to its own welfare and to the general benefit of the movement, in favor of the young men. Its direct objects are:

First, to strengthen every society that enjoys its membership. New York state by herself would be a small and insignificant nation. Rhode Island would be of less importance still, but as parts of the great American commonwealth each obtains a new power and majesty and acquires a voice in deciding the destinies of the world.

Secondly, to foster the spirit of fraternity among our young men throughout the length and breadth of the land, so that whenever questions arise which involve the interests, or constitutional rights of the Catholic people, they may be found shoulder to shoulder, with one mind and one heart defending the cause of justice and truth.

Thirdly, to elevate the tone and to improve the efficiency of the individual societies everywhere, through the friction of many minds, and the interchange of experiences. In our conventions the weak learn from the strong. And often indeed the strong learn from the weak, on the principle that a grindstone can sharpen a knife although incapable itself of making delicate incisions.

Fourthly, to put the movement for the benefit of the young men so clearly and so favorably before the public that he who runs may read the necessity and the practicability of caring for our golden youth.

We hope, and we confidently expect, that the October convention will be attended by representatives from every Catholic Young Men's Society in the United States. What a glorious spectacle it will be if we can gather then and there a thousand delegates, to place this beautiful work on a secure footing forevermore; and to show the world that the young men are the very bone and sinew of the Catholic church in America.

Let no association hesitate on account of not having been enrolled from the beginning. Come in as soon as you can! Have your name placed on the roll at once, without waiting for the time of the convention. You are needed, you are wanted in the ranks and at the head.

Any information that can be desired will be most cheerfully given by the national secretary, Mr. J. P. Leahy, No. 13 School street, Boston, Mass., or by the undersigned, whose address is given above.

We will be very grateful also for any information that can be given us with regard to the number the names and addresses of the different societies in the various sections of the country.

This is a great cause. It began in humility. It was thriven in difficulty. Its complete success will be brought about only with great industry, self sacrifice and enthusiasm. It is an off shoot, a corollary, of the sentiment which feels that Catholic schools are of absolute necessity for the preservation of the faith of our people. Let us bend our energies to it. We may not live to see the complete realization of our ideals, but we will contribute something at least to their bringing about.

Trusting to your immediate and generous co-operation, I have the honor to be Sincerely and Fraternally Your Servant in Christ. MICHAEL J. LAVELLE.

President of the Catholic Young Men's National Union.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5.00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 357,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

Notice.

The Wisconsin Central lines are now selling special Ten Ride Club Tickets between Chicago and Fox Lake, embodying railroad, omnibus and steamer coupons for Ten Dollars ($10). City Office No. 205 Clark street. Depot, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gallgan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2934 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. I. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 8:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 653 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2993 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 26th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2549 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 235 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Kilian Schloesser, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 383 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 884 Ashland av.

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mcgregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St. John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Masses at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 422 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st. between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 224 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9, high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Sonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. Georg Raths, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 841 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a.m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 259 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1408 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 5 and 10 a. m; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 8 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heidmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—364 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 228 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Badziejewski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

SILVER BILL IS PASSED.

The House Gives the Senate Points on Hustling,

AND SENDS IT SOME WORK TO DO.

The Caucus Measure Put Through Under the Management of the Inexorable McKinley, Republican Objection to the Contrary Notwithstanding—Cooper Offers a Resolution to Investigate Commissioner Raum's Administration.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 7.—Before the debate on the silver bill began in the house Saturday morning, Conger of Iowa (in charge of the bill), at the suggestion of Payson of Illinois, modified his substitute so as to provide that the treasury notes issued in pursuance of the bill, shall be an absolute legal tender. Payson then took the floor and said that the substitute would pass the house in obedience to a public sentiment, which he believed to be universal in favor of a larger use of silver as a money metal and of a further increase of the currency of the country. In criticism of the treasury bill, he asserted that it practically demonetized silver as a money metal, but established a gold standard upon the statute books. It wiped from the statute books the only law we had for the coinage of the standard silver dollar. He opposed the treasury bill, because it proposed to treat silver simply and purely as a merchantable commodity, and to make (until congress should change it) an open declaration that gold alone should be the standard of value, declared so by the supreme law of the land.

To Be Treated as a Commodity.

The feature of bullion redemption was an argument that silver was to be treated as a commodity and nothing else. On the same principle it might be tin, copper or nickel. In spite of his objections, he would support the substitute, not because he believed in it, but because he had assurances that the objectionable features would be changed in the senate and the house given an opportunity to vote on any amendments. In reply to questions, Payson said that the senate could not be controlled as the house could, as they had no previous question and no special order there. Referring to the policy of the treasury department on silver, Payson said that it was with peculiar unction that he had denounced the Cleveland administration on this question, and coming down to the Republican administration he asserted that it was no improvement.

One on Payson.

He was opposed to giving the secretary of the treasury discretion in this matter, and said that never had a discretion been confided to a secretary on this question that he had not evaded it, when it was possible. Mr. Payson illustrated the hostility of the department to silver by asserting that the members did not receive silver certificates in payment of their salaries. The members on all sides, including the speaker, produced their wallets, and to the confusion of Payson, silver certificates were produced all over the chamber amid great laughter.

Endorsed Payson's Views.

Mutchler of Pennsylvania opposed both propositions pending before the house. Hatch of Missouri reiterated and endorsed all that Payson had said in regard to the hostility of treasury officials to silver. No secretary of the treasury, Republican or Democrat, had ever executed the law of 1873 in the interest of the people. It had been executed entirely in the interest of Wall street. He denounced the manner in which this measure had been brought before the house.

The Bill Finally Passed.

The voting on the silver bill began at 3 o'clock, and after disposing of several unimportant amendments the question was, on the adoption of the substitute (agreed upon in cacus) pending which Bland of Missouri moved to recommit to the committee with instructions to report a free coinage bill. On this motion the yeas and nays were ordered. The motion of Bland was lost—yeas 116, nays 140. The caucus measure finally passed the house at 4 o'clock—yeas 135, nays 119.

CAPITAL MISCELLANY.

A Resolution to Investigate Commissioner Raum's Administration.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 7.—Cooper of Indiana introduced a resolution to investigate Green B. Raum's administration of pension affairs. The resolution recites that Pension Commissioner Raum has been charged with selling to his employes shares of stock in a company of which he is president, which company has organized for the purpose of introducing an impracticable and worthless patent refrigerator; that in consideration of such purchase of stock shares the pension clerks are promoted in office. The charges also recite that Raum has been charged with partiality toward Pension Attorney Lemon of Washington.

To Test the Law.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 7.—The commissioners of the District of Columbia, with a view to testing the law which makes honorable discharge from the army or navy a prerequisite of service on the District police force, have appointed Frank Hutton a member of the force. Hutton has not served in either army or navy. He is the first person appointed on the Washington police force since 1867 who has not seen service. It is claimed by the commissioners that the law was abrogated in 1878. The local Grand Army posts will test this decision.

No Truth in the Report.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 7.—The department of state has been advised by the United States minister in Mexico that there is no truth in the report that a revolutionary movement has arisen on the frontier of Coahuila, and that in the latter place as well as throughout all the other states of Mexico, peace and order prevail.

Verdict in a Famous Will Case.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., June 7.—After being out all night and Saturday forenoon the jury in the famous Green will case has agreed on a verdict setting aside the validity of the instrument, on the ground of undue influence on the testator, who was claimed to be of unsound mind. Over $50,000 was involved. The case will no doubt be appealed.

The Lone Highwayman.

UKIAH, Cal., June 7.—The north-bound stage from Ukiah was robbed three miles out of town by a lone highwayman. It is reported that the robber secured $1,600 from Wells, Fargo & Co.'s box.

A GREAT SHAM BATTLE.

A Fair Representation of the Battle of Fort Metz.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 4.—Two hundred and fifty killed, 375 wounded. These figures might have represented the casualties at Tuesday's battle between opposing forces composed of the various military companies in attendance upon the interstate competitive drill if the battle had been genuine instead of a sham one. The battle was a fair representation on a small scale of the battle of Fort Metz fought during the Franco-Prussian war. Eight zouave companies, representing the French army, assisted by four companies of artillery, held the fort against charges by fourteen companies of infantry, representing the Prussians. The fourth charge was the successful one.

The Chicago Zouaves.

The competitive drill commenced Tuesday. The Chicagos are the only company on the ground that have the full zouave company of twenty-four men, all the rest having only sixteen. There is some question whether they will even have to drill to get the first prize, for according to the rules they are entitled to it on account of having the full number on the grounds. Capt. Fosd is saving the boys all he can, and remained out of the sham battle, as he was afraid to run any risk before the competition began. The Aurora boys made a fine showing, and will come close to the second prize in the competitive drill.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW HONORED.

A Hundred and Fifty Children Call on Him and Present Flowers.

CHICAGO, June 5.—Chauncey M. Depew was given a rousing reception at the Auditorium by a party of children who are to produce "Cinderella" next week. The children to the number of about 150, under the leadership of Mrs. Benton Barnes, reached the Auditorium about 10:30 o'clock and marched up to parlor 214, where Mr. Depew and his party were quartered. Each child bore an enormous bouquet which was promptly bestowed upon Mr. Depew.

Made a Little Speech.

From behind the mass of flowers Mr. Depew managed to make a little speech, which he closed as follows:

"Children, I would rather receive these flowers from you than the plaudits and votes of all the delegates who will assemble in 1892 to nominate a presidential candidate."

One of the children made a little speech in reply, and after a few words of pleasant chat the little ones bade Mr. Depew and his associates good-by.

Death from Hydrophobia.

ALBUQUERQE, N. M., June 4.—Antonio Montoya died at Eley from hydrophobia, making three men who have died from the bite of a mad coyote at the Eddleman Cattle company's ranch in the past month. During the night, and while the men were asleep, a coyote with rabies entered their camp and bit four men, who died several days after being bitten, but Montoya lingered thirty days. For the last two days he had terrible convulsions, frothing at the mouth continually. The fourth man is sick and doctors fear that he will also die.

Mayor of Allegheny City Arrested.

PITTSBURG, June 4.—Mayor Wymen, of Allegheny City, was arrested charged with perjury on taking his official oath of office. The prosecutor is I. H. Walkup, who charges that Mayor Wymen gave different persons money and valuable contributions to secure his nomination and election. The mayor is under $1,000 bail for a hearing Saturday, when he claims he will be cleared of the charges.

Suicide of an Undertaker.

ROANOKE, Va., June 4.—J. Charlton Simpson, a prominent contractor, builder and undertaker of Fincastle, committed suicide while preparing a coffin for the burial of a little child. He broke from his ware room, ran half a mile to a secluded spot and plunged a knife in his breast. He lived only a minute after a pursuing party found him.

Won't Do for a Reformer.

CINCINNATI, June 4.—Police Prosecutor Corcoran, elected on a reform ticket to close Sunday saloons, has been on a spree for days, and only last week had to be taken from the Latonia race course. The discovery has been made that over one hundred prisoners in the workhouse have been illegally committed by him and can be released at once.

Quinlan Ready to Pay Up.

NEW YORK, June 4.—Washington Quinlan, the stock operator who disappeared a month ago, leaving a large amount of contracts to be closed out at a loss under the rules of the stock exchange, is again in this city and has notified the stock exchange that he is prepared to pay off all claims with interest for the twenty-seven days they have been standing.

Brutal Murder of a Preacher.

LITCHFIELD, Mich., June 4.—Because he chided two young men for misconduct in church at Mosherville, Rev. O. C. Nash, of this place, was unmercifully beaten. Moses Eckler and Robert Engle were arrested for the assault. Monday Mr. Nash died from his injuries, and the charges against the accused will be changed to manslaughter.

Fell Over 200 Feet.

LEADVILLE, Col., June 4.—Engineer Folk, while repairing a pump in the Galligher shaft of the Mikado company's mines, fell to the bottom, a distance of 209 feet, and was crushed into a shapeless mass. Thomas Flanigan was killed and James O'Connell badly injured by the premature explosion of a blast at the Antioch mine.

Lightning Causes a Destructive Fire.

CHICAGO, June 4.—Monday night's storm was general throughout Iowa, Illinois, and Wisconsin and considerable damage is reported from many points. At Medford, Wis., an electrical storm occurred with high wind resembling a cyclone. The lightning caused a fire which destroyed twelve buildings.

Killed by an Electric Car.

BOSTON, June 4.—George, the 7½-year-old son of John A. Hern, while playing in Shawmut avenue, was run down by an electric car and killed. The bell was rung but he failed to hear it, and the motor man had not time to stop the car, although he applied the brake promptly.

Winner of the English Derby.

LONDON, June 4.—The great English Derby was won by Sainfoir, LeNord second, Orwell third. The favorite, Surefoot, was fourth.

A MISTAKE IN ORDERS

Causes a Disastrous Wreck on the Wabash.

SEVEN MEN INSTANTLY KILLED.

The Disaster Caused by a Collision of Freight Trains, on One of Which Were Several Palace Horse Cars Loaded with Valuable Animals Going to Kansas City—Fifteen of the Racers Killed—Miscellaneous Accidents.

ST. LOUIS, June 9.—A freight wreck occurred on the Wabash railroad, near Warrenton, sixty-one miles west of here, early Monday morning. The official notification telegraphed to the Wabash company here from their agent at Moberly states: About 1:25 o'clock Monday morning train No. 16, engine No. 388, collided one-half mile west of Warrenton with a train being run as second section of No. 5. One of the trains had eight palace horse cars loaded with race horses en route from Latonia to Kansas City. The accident was caused by an error in train orders. The second section of train No. 5 had orders to run two hours and five minutes late and the order delivered to No. 26 by the operator at Montgomery read two hours and fifty minutes late.

Seven Men and Fifteen Horses Killed.

Seven men in charge of the horses were killed and several others were injured. Engineer Shivelle had a rib broken. Fireman Lee Parsons had a collar bone broken. Fireman Brown was seriously injured about his legs. Brakeman Norton was slightly injured. No other train men were injured. Engine No. 341 and two palace horse cars of the second section of train No. 5 and engine No. 388 and sixteen cars of train No. 26 were badly wrecked. Fifteen race horses were killed. The company's surgeons at Moberly, Montgomery and Warrenton, went to the scene of the accident.

The Killed and Injured.

Following is a list of the killed and injured: Killed—W. H. Thomas, colored, Cynthiana, Ky.; Henry Stone, trainer, Harrodsburgh, Ky.; James Kelley, Chicago; Frank Kelly, Chicago; Ed Simmons, hostler, Lexington, Ky.; Morris Greer, colored, Frankfort, Ky.; Samuel Davis, jockey, Lexington, Ky. Injured—William Taylor, colored, Covington, Ky., arm broken; Lee Parsons, Wabash engineer, arm broken; J. E. Norton, brakeman, severely injured; Louis C. Augustus, colored, Harrodsburgh, left thigh fractured; George Hurley, colored, Cynthiana, N. Y., arm broken; Lee Brown, Louisville, arm broken; Merrill Johnson, colored, St. Louis, arm broken.

OTHER MISHAPS.

A Runaway Horse Crashes into a Street Car Hurting Two People.

FALL RIVER, Mass., June 9.—An open horse car on North Main street containing twenty passengers was dashed into by a runaway horse with a grocery wagon. The horse went right through the center of the car, landing on the opposite side, tearing away the iron braces, two oak supports and the seat attached. Jennie Burke and George H. Paceoud, who occupied the seat, and a Mrs. Rice on the seat behind, were thrown from the car, Miss Burke being hurled twenty feet. When picked up she was thought to be dead, but revived later and was found to be badly hurt internally. Paceoud, who occupied the end of the seat nearest where the horse entered, is very severely injured, but Mrs. Rice seems to have escaped with but slight bruises. No other passenger was hurt. The horse will probably die.

Seven Persons Drowned.

BOSTON, Mass., June 9.—Seven young men of a party of eight who started at 2:30 a. m. to go down the harbor fishing were drowned before they had been two hours out. The party, which occupied a twenty-three foot catboat, was made up of Matthew Quinlan, James Husband, Joseph Tufts, Edgar Maloney, Thomas Troy, Albert Lombard, John Sullivan and Lawrence McTarnon, and Quinlan, the youngest, was the one that was saved. Maloney and McTarnon leave families; the others were unmarried.

Cattle Roasted Alive.

MONTREAL, June 9.—Fire in the Grand Trunk railway stock yards burned thirty-seven cattle to death and ten others so badly that they will probably have to be shot. There were over 300 head of cattle in the sheds when the fire started but all were safely gotten out except those burned as stated above. The loss, amounting to about $10,000 falls upon the stock yards company.

Was a Hero, but Foolhardy.

CINCINNATI, June 9.—Daniel Willcox jumped from the Newport railway bridge ninety feet into the river Sunday, fell on his stomach, and was so badly injured that he died half an hour later. He held a medal given by the United States government for saving eighteen lives during the great flood in 1883. He was 35 years old.

Drowned While Bathing.

FALL RIVER, Mass., June 9.—Michael Keenan, aged 24, a barber, unmarried, was drowned while bathing with other men in the South Watuppa lake. Keenan had but one leg. He swam away from his companions and presently was seen to be floundering in the water, but could not be reached in time to save his life.

Carried Over the Falls.

ST. JOHN, N. B., June 9.—Two men, names unknown, attempted to row a boat across the river above the Grand falls. The current was too strong and they were carried over the falls. No trace of boat or men has yet been found.

Jumped Through a Car Window.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 9.—Harry Evans, of Washington City, an insane man in charge of an officer, on his way to an insane asylum at Albany, N. Y., jumped through a car window of a fast express train on the Baltimore and Ohio road Sunday. It was thought he had met a horrible death. The train was stopped, but no trace of the man could be found. Monday he was found wandering around Canton in an almost uninjured condition.

An American Sues a British Paper.

LONDON, June 9.—George Washington Butterfield, an American, is suing The Financial News, of this city, for libel and asks damages in £100,000. The alleged libel consisted in the newspaper asserting that the mining schemes of the plaintiff located in the United States were imprudent and wild.

A DISGUSTED HORSEMAN.

He Gives a Horse Away for Being a Perpetual Loser.

CHICAGO, June 7.—A funny incident occurred at the West Side race course in this city Friday. Many times since the meeting began G. W. Poole, the turfman, has backed his grandly-bred horse Pow Wow to win and regularly has lost his money. The reason for his persistency in wagering so many good dollars on a losing animal was that Pow Wow invariably ran a stop watch to a standstill in his work. Friday in the race for maidens Pow Wow got away four lengths in front of his field, and the owner at once began figuring his winnings at 12 to 15 to 1. The instant another horse raced up to him Pow Wow put up the shutters and closed business.

That Break Soured Him.

Poole chucked his watch into his pocket and tore up his tickets.

"That horse has cost me a small fortune," he said disgustedly. "He's fast as a ghost, but got no business on a race track. I won't allow him to eat another quart of my oats." Then turning to the crowd on the quarter-stretch he yelled: "Who wants a fine race horse for nothing?" There was no response.

Took Him as a Favor.

"Say, Cushing," he continued, addressing the turfman of that name, "Want him?"

"No, I guess not."

"Please do. He's all sound and a race horse, but I can't afford to keep him."

"Well, I'll take him, Poole," finally replied Cushing, "but I suppose he'll break me," and the gift horse was led away, his former owner even throwing a bridle into the bargain.

FEMININE FIRE HEROES.

Three Young Girls Prevent a Disastrous Conflagration.

NEW YORK, June 4.—Three young Brooklyn girls distinguished themselves as fire fighters and life savers Tuesday by extinguishing a threatening blaze in the handsome brown stone residence of Salvador Rodriguez, a wealthy Cuban, at 180 McDonough street. The fire was caused by the little 4-year-old daughter of the house, who, with her baby brother, 2 months old, had been left alone by her mother on the third floor. The child, attempting to light the gas, set fire to the lace curtains and the flames communicated with the bed on which the baby lay.

The Fire Lasses Go to Work.

Smoke attracted the attention of Jennie Lawton and Alice and Ada Green, daughters of Vice President Samuel Green, of the Lawyers' Title and Guarantee Company, who lives next door. The young ladies were admitted to the house by the terror-stricken servant, armed with the watering pots with which they had been sprinkling the front garden. On reaching the room they found Mrs Rodrigues vainly endeavoring to put out the flames and nearly suffocated. One young lady snatched up the baby from the burning bed, another the little fire-bug, and with considerable effort and the aid of the hand sprinklers the flames were put out.

San Francisco's New City Hall.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 7.—Mayor Pond has made an investigation of the soundness of the walls of the northwest wing of the new city hall, with the result that in a number of places where the walls were supposed to be of solid brick, four feet thick, they were found at an average depth of eighteen inches to be filled with sand, mortar, broken brick, and rubbish. In the cross wall, in which was a heavy triangular mass of iron intended to support a thirteen-ton girder and other lighter girders, the condition was found to be the same, filling taking the place of solid masonry.

Blew into the Muzzle of the Gun.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., June 7.—Jacob Hembdt, son of a hotel keeper in the German settlement near Pike Pond, Sullivan county, called upon an aged neighbor, Miss Wohrum, to borrow a gun with which to shoot crows. The woman gave him a rusty rifle which had been unused for twelve years. The boy snapped two caps on the nipple, without any effect. He then applied his mouth to the muzzle of the gun, and blew into the barrel. At this moment there was a discharge from the gun, and a bullet went crashing through his brain, killing him instantly.

He Grew Too Avaricious.

FORT DODGE, Ia., June 7.—A. Peeler, of Lehigh, has been arrested by the United States authorities, charged with a queer kind of counterfeiting. Peeler invented a machine by which he could extract $15 worth of gold from a $20 gold piece, and was becoming rapidly rich. After scooping out the interior of the coins he filled them with metal of correct ring and weight, and had little trouble in getting them off his hands. He scooped too much gold out of one coin and his scheme was discovered.

Bounced the Enumerator.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., June 7.—John F. Collen, census enumerator in the town of Royalton, a country district southeast of this city, has reported to United States Commissioner Mark McDonough that Henry Gron, a farmer in his district, fired him bodily out of his house and abused and assaulted him because he asked him the questions required. Commissioner McDonough has ordered the deputy marshal to arrest Gron for hindering a United States official in the discharge of his duties and assaulting Collen.

A Lake Steamer Burned.

AMHERSTBURG, Ont., June 4.—The steam barge W. G. Wetmore, owned by C. H. Palmer, of Cleveland, with Capt. Charles J. Wallace in command, bound up from Cleveland to Chicago, coal laden, burned to the water's edge one and one-half miles from the dummy light in Lake Erie. The crew probably escaped. Capt. Chambers of the schooner Brunette, which was in tow, is here, and reports that when last seen two steamers were playing on the burning boat.

A Pioneer Californian Dead.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 7.—Capt. Edmond C. Gilbert, a pioneer of California, died Friday morning. Capt. Gilbert was 66 years six months and six days old, and died in the sixth hour of the sixth day of the week, and the six month of the year. He was a native of Westbrook, Mass., and came here in '49.

Mrs. Potter's Finery.

NEW YORK, June 7.—Mrs. James Brown Potter's misunderstanding with her former manager, Harry C. Miner, which has resulted in Mr. Miner's bringing suit to recover $2,488 paid by him for costumes, has been taken up in the supreme court.

REJECTED THE BILL.

The Women of England Given Another Set-Back.

ACTION OF THE BRITISH LORDS.

The Measure to Enable Women to Serve as Members of County Councils Defeated Once More—Doings in the House of Commons—An Interview with Prince Bismarck on the Subject of Over-Education—Foreign Flashes.

LONDON, June 10.—The house of lords Monday rejected the bill to enable women to serve as members of county councils. While from the known concensus of opinion among the lords on this subject their action was not surprising, it was still thought that the presence of Miss Cobden and Miss Cons in the London county council by virtue of popular election and the additional fact that no protest against their being seated was lodged within the year succeeding their election, would exercise greater influence over the obdurate peers. There is now a resolution before the house of commons calling attention to the exclusion of women from the parliamentary franchise, and practically a motion to allow women, otherwise legally qualified, to exercise this privilege.

Crops Up from Time to Time.

Although not as ancient, nor as timeworn as the "deceased wife's sister" bill, this motion crops up from time to time and it is interesting to note its strength as it returns to its place on the parliamentary table. Since 1872 women have voted for members of town councils, and in the years intervening the privilege of voting for school boards, poor law guardians and other local bodies has been added. The parliamentary committee also rejected the "unearned increment" clause in the bill providing for the widening and general improvement of the Strand.

The House of Commons.

In the house of commons Vincent, member for Sheffield, referring to the act of the American house of representatives increasing the duties on cutlery, tin-plate and other articles of British export, inquired concerning the bad effect which the approval of the senate would have upon Sheffield, Belfast and other places in the British empire. He also asked if the government still maintains that the free import system of the United Kingdom precluded its instruction of Sir Juhan Pauncefote, British minister at Washington, to represent to the American government the injury which the pending legislation would do to the industry of a friendly power which last year gave a free market to £95,000,000 of competing American goods. Sir James Fergusson said the government had not received a copy of the bill, but had been informed that it contained no important alterations.

RESULT OF "OVER-EDUCATION"

As Viewed Through the Mental Optics of Bismarck.

LONDON, June 10.—A correspondent of The Daily Telegraph has had an interview with Prince Bismarck. The prince declared that no concession to the Nihilists was possible. Over-education had led to much disappointment in Germany, but in Russia it had led to disaffection and conspiracy. There were ten times as many people educated for the higher walks as there were places to fill. Further, education was making pedantic theorists and visionaries unfit for constitutional government. It would be madness to put such men in authority. Russians do not know yet what they want; they must therefore be ruled with a rod of iron.

Content That Will Never Come.

Referring to the labor question the prince ridiculed the idea that workmen would ever be contented, because, he said, the rich are never contented. He spoke strongly against any dictation as to hours of labor and against the usurping to the rightful authority of parents over their children.

Will Honor the Memory of John Huss.

LONDON, June 10.—All over Bohemia organizations are forming to do honor to the memory of John Huss, who was burned at the stake at Constance, on July 16, 1415, for heresy. It is the intention to make the demonstration the greatest gathering of Czechs ever assembled, and 700 Czechs will be chosen from all parts of Bohemia as delegates to go to Constance and perform a solemn religious duty before the statue of the martyr.

Horrible Condition of Upper Egypt.

LONDON, June 10.—The most appalling accounts are received of the sufferings of the people in upper Egypt and along the scene of the expedition for the relief of Gordon. It is said that the inhabitants, driven desperate by starvation, feed on each other, while all kinds of animals, however loathsome, are eagerly sought for food. The wretched people fight with each other for morsels, and hundreds are perishing daily.

Crown Prince of Italy at Pottsdam.

POTTSDAM, June 10.—On his arrival here in the course of his continental tour, the crown prince of Italy was received at the station by Emperor William, who cordially embraced the prince on his alighting from the train. The emperor and his illustrious guest then proceeded in a state carriage to the Stadt Schloss, and afterwards continued on to the new palace, where they paid a visit to the empress, with whom they took luncheon.

To Purchase American Breweries.

LONDON, June 10.—A syndicate has been formed with $1,000,000 to purchase the breweries of Minneapolis and La Cossee. A trust with $15,000,000 capital has been organized to operate in Mexico and South America. The city of Montreal is offering in London an issue of 2 per cent. bonds to the amount of $3,000,000.

Fatal Storms in Hungary.

VIENNA, June 10.—Violent hurricanes are prevailing in many parts of Hungary, accompanied by heavy rains. Many persons have been killed by lightning and the damage to property is enormous.

Ate Poisoned Cake.

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 10.—Some time ago Farmer J. S. Reaves, of Marion, put poisoned cake about his barn to kill rats. A few days ago his two little sons, aged 5 and 6, while playing in the hay loft found and ate some of the cake. They were taken violently ill, and one of them has since died. It is feared the other little fellow can not recover.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Mrs. Rhoda Swaine, of Owatonna, Minn., has just died at the age of 101 years. She was a cousin of Robert E. Lee, and distinctly remembered a visit of George Washington to her father's home.

Reports from nearly all parts of Illinois to the department of agriculture at Springfield show that green bugs are playing havoc with the oatfields.

Senator Edmunds is reported to make $40,000 a year by his law practice. Some of his arguments have brought him $10 a word.

The Original Package is the name chosen for a paper to be published at Old Orchard, Me., during the coming summer season.

Three journeymen bakers brought to destitution by the strike at Prague committed suicide Saturday.

The estate of the late J. S. Morgan was taxed $500,000 by the English government. It amounts to $11,000,000.

Lewis Steward, of Plano, is named by Democrats as an opponent to Congressman Hill in the Joliet, Ills., district.

Democrats of the Thirteenth Indiana district insist that Congressman Shively must serve another term.

The big glucose works at Toledo, Iowa, has been declared a nuisance in that it breeds, as alleged, disease and kills by its pollution all the fish in the Iowa river.

The deficiency in the pension office is reported to be $6,000,000.

The supreme council of the Royal Arcanum met in Milwaukee last week and elected officers, a majority of them being chosen from the west.

The Missouri river is higher at Sioux City than at any time since 1884.

The paper hangers at Kansas City, Mo., are on a strike, claiming that the scale has been reduced 30 per cent. and non-union men employed.

The Rock Island Silver Plating works, of Rock Island, Ills., made an assignment Saturday. The liabilities being $7,000, and assets estimated at $8,000.

Professor J. J. Blaisdell, of Beloit, Wis., was Saturday night presented with a fund of $2,000 as a token of esteem from members of the college alumni.

Sunday George Bracken, in crossing the Missouri river at Sioux City in a skiff was drowned. When told of his fate his wife became insane and three times attempted to throw herself into the river.

The mayors of Urbana and Arcola, Ills., have issued proclamations ordering all dogs found running at large after June 9 killed.

RAN INTO A ROCK.

Narrow Escape of the Ocean Liner City of Rome.

LONDON, June 9.—The steamship City of Rome, from New York, arrived at Queenstown at 10 o'clock Sunday morning in a damaged condition, and reported having met with a narrow escape from sinking off Fastnet light. While proceeding slowly in a dense fog the steamer struck a rock bow on, and the passengers, alarmed by the shock and the crash, made a rush for the decks. They were met by the officers of the ship, who succeeded in allaying their fears by stifling their own.

Amount of Damage Unknown.

The signal was given to reverse and back, which the engines promptly obeyed, and the vessel was removed from her perilous position. Examination of the bows was then made, and it was found that the stem of the ship was broken and her bulwarks stove; but the full extent of the damage she sustained will not be known until the vessel is dry-docked.

The Rome and Aurania were racing across the ocean. The Aurania won by 30 minutes.

Great Blaze at Chatsworth, Ills.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., June 9.—Burglars blew open a safe in Brown's bank at Chatsworth at 2 o'clock Sunday morning. The building caught fire and seventeen store buildings, comprising the main block, were burned. A fireman named Prater was badly hurt. The bank vaults contained $15,000 and it has not yet been ascertained whether this is missing. The total loss is $80,000.

New Elevator Destroyed.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 9.—The Kansas City, Fort Scott and Gulf railroad elevator, completed at West Memphis on Saturday last, at a cost of $40,000, was destroyed by fire at 4 o'clock Monday morning. The origin is unknown. G. C. Adams the contractor who slept in the building is supposed to be lost.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, June 9.

Following are the quotations on the board of trade to-day: Wheat—No. 2 June, opened 90¾c, closed 90¾c; July, opened 92¼c, closed 91½c; September, opened 92¼c, closed 91½c. Corn—No. 2 July, opened and closed 34½c; August, opened 35¼c, closed 35¼c; September, opened 36¼c, closed 36¼c. Oats—No. 2 June, opened 28c, closed 28¼c; July, opened 28¼c, closed 28¾c; September, opened 25½c, closed 25¾c. Pork—July, opened and closed $12.80; August, opened and closed $12.60. Lard—July, opened and closed $6.97½.

Live stock—Union stock yards prices were quoted as follows: Hogs—Market opened fairly active and firm with prices 5@10c higher; light grades, $3.60@3.80; rough packing, $3.60@3.65; mixed lots, $3.65@3.80; heavy packing and shipping lots, $3.70@3.90.

Cattle—Market weak; bids lower; beeves, $3.75@5.00; cows, $1.40@3.80; Texans, $2.50@3.90; stockers and feeders, $2.50@4.00. Sheep—Weak; muttons, $4.00@5.65; lambs, $5.00@6.75.

Produce: Butter—Finest creameries, 13@13½ per lb.; finest dairies, 10@11c; packing stock, 4½@5c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 12@12½c per doz. Poultry—Chickens, 33@34c per lb.; turkeys, 7c; ducks, 8@9c; geese, $4.00@5.00 per doz. Potatoes—On track—common and mixed, 30@35c per bu; Peerless, 40@43c; Burbanks, 30@35c; sweet potatoes, $3.50@3.75 per bbl. Apples—$4.00@5.00 per bbl. Strawberries—75c@$1.25.

Broom corn—Hurl, 3½@3½c per lb.; whisk brush, 5½@6; green, self-working, 4½@5c; inside and covers, 4@4½c; common brush, 3½@4c; crooked, 2@3½c.

New York.

NEW YORK, June 9.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, 97¼c cash; do June, 90½c; do July, 90½c; do August, 90½c; do September, 93½c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 42¾c cash; do July, 42¾c; do August, 43c; do September, 43½c. Oats—Quiet; No. 2 mixed, 35¼c cash; do June, 34½c; do July, 34½c. Rye—Nominal. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; mess, $13.75@14.75. Lard—Quiet; June, $6.25; July, $6.35.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, Ohio, June 9.

Wheat—Higher and active; cash and June, 90½c; July, 91c; August, 91½c; September, 92c. Corn—Quiet; cash and July, 36c; August, 36c bid. Oats—Firm; cash, 29c; August, 27½c bid. Clover seed—Easy; cash, $3.45; October, $3.80 asked.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, June 9.

Wheat—Lower; cash, 85¼@85½c; July, 85¼c; August, 86½c. Corn—Higher; cash, 38½c; July, and August, 38½c. Oats—Higher; cash, 29c bid; July, 29; August, 28c. Pork—Quiet; retailing at $13.00. Lard—Nominal; $6.75. Whisky—Steady; $1.09.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months..... 1.25
Single Copies..... 05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each..... 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JUNE 14, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"The Crystal Slipper."

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—"Married Life."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Olivette."

HOOLEY'S THEATRE,
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The Dead Heart."

COLUMBIA THEATRE,
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Henry E. Dixey.

HAYMARKET THEATRE,
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Le Nardes Galeties.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"O.L.N.," City—According to the reporter for the London *Gazette*, 1691, the English did not know that Gen. St. Ruth was killed at Aughrim for some days after the event. Col. Walter Burke, who, with 200 men, was made prisoner in Aughrim Castle, was not aware of St. Ruth's death until the English told him. St. Ruth was not a marshal, but was next in rank—a lieutenant general. His alleged quarrel with Sarsfield is a mere matter of tradition. It seems almost certain that 7,000 men of the Irish army died at Aughrim. The whole Ulster contingent died there. They refused to fly and were slaughtered to a man. The English loss at Aughrim was fully 4,000 men. Most of the Irish fell in the rout that followed the fall of St. Ruth. Up to that moment the Irish were victorious, and had fought one of their bravest battles. Yes, both matchlocks and flintlocks were used in the Williamite wars. According to the Gregorian calendar, the anniversary of the Boyne (the 200th this year) will fall on July 12. The 200th anniversary of Aughrim will fall on July 23 next year. It was fought, according to the Julian calendar, on Sunday, July 12, 1691. Add eleven days for the Gregorian calendar and you have the correct date.

"J.S.L.," City—You are an insufferable ass Learn to spell before you try to criticise.

"M.C.," St. Louis—If you are a "Man of the North" try and remember that you ought to be, if you are not, also an Irishman.

"A.D.," City—The Orange society was started early in the last century "Nineties," as an offset to the United Irishmen.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

SENSELESS CRITICISM.

A Southern contemporary, somewhat addicted to loose statements, finds fault with THE CITIZEN because it advocates an independent policy on the part of the Irish members of the Saxon parliament. Among other unfounded accusations our Memphian friend says:

"He (Finerty) denounces Parnell and the Home Rule policy, and in its stead advocates physical force. This is sheer nonsense, and nobody should know it better than the erratic but brilliant editor of THE CITIZEN. If you want to entertain those crazy theories, Finerty, it is all right, but don't attempt to foist them on the public; there's nothing in them."

THE CITIZEN does not like to call the gifted author of the foregoing a liar and a horsethief. Such language would do no good, and might incurably wound the feelings of a man whose only fault is a dormancy of intellect, which, THE CITIZEN sincerely hopes, may not be of a lasting nature. If Mr. Fitzgerald, of the *New South, etcetera*, will kindly point out to us where we have even hinted at what he calls physical force in the recent articles dealing with Parnell we will make him a present of a pair of gold rimmed spectacles. He may be a very wise man in his own opinion, but he has no right to bear false witness against his neighbors. The advocacy of physical force against England is all right in principle, but nobody knows very much better than the editor of THE CITIZEN the amount of money, material and desperate courage it would require to make even a decent demonstration against, not to mention a successful attack on, England, in Ireland's present helpless and demoralized condition. THE CITIZEN heartily wishes the conditions were different, but the situation has to be accepted—for the present.

What THE CITIZEN is advocating, and will continue to advocate, is the abandonment by the Irish party of the ever fatal Whig alliance. It has always been fatal to every movement made in the Saxon parliament for the betterment of the subject country. We want the Irish party in that Saxon house to stand forth as it did in Parnell's younger days, and give the enemy all the annoyance possible. The Irish party has been asleep since 1886. It is time for it to wake up and make the Saxons pay for its lodging. Some Irish-American editors seem to be afraid to do anything but befuddle Parnell with praise. What, in God's name, has he accomplished for Ireland since he became Gladstone's henchman? Has emigration decreased? Has the country advanced in prosperity? Has the national spirit increased or diminished? This unreasoning hero worship is the curse and bane of the Irish race. It is not well to allow any leader to think that he is everything and the cause nothing. Leaders pass away but causes are immortal. The Irish cause has survived a number of leaders—sometimes in spite of them. Parnell is by no means the ablest chief that Ireland has produced, but he'll pass, if he only comes out of his shell, drops his eccentricity and takes hold of the helm like a true pilot. Eternally indorsing a man at conventions and meetings would make a fool of the wisest law-giver that ever lived. The whole business is nauseating. Here is the formula:

Resolved, That we, the So and So, in convention assembled, do hereby heartily indorse the policy (what is it?) of our noble leader Charles Stewart Parnell, and that we tender to him, and to England's 'g-r-r-a-n-d OLD Man,' (Shanaah Mor?) our fullest allegiance; and that we do hereby declare that St. Patrick, St. Columbkille, Shane O'Neill, Hugh O'Neill, Owen O'Neill, Patrick Sarsfield, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmet, Dan O'Connell, Smith O'Brien, John Mitchel, the Fenians and the rest were nothing compared with the said Charles Stewart Parnell and the 'g-r-r-a-n-d OLD Man'; and that we hereby pledge our moral and material aid," and so forth.

It suits a certain class of dull editors to call the editor of THE CITIZEN "erratic but brilliant," etc. Yet it would be interesting to know where THE CITIZEN has ever uttered a false prophecy in regard to the Irish movement. It predicted the defeat of the Home Rule bill in '86, and gave its reasons therefor; it predicted the collapse that followed the ill-starred convention of the Irish National League of America in this city in 1886, and it now predicts that unless Parnell and his followers cut loose from the Whigs and maintain an independent attitude both in and out of the Saxon parliament, they will be overtaken by the fate that overtook O'Connell in 1839 and 1844 and that ruined Sharman Crawford's movement in 1852.

MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

The Hon. William O'Brien was married in London on Wednesday. The weather was bad, but the gallant bridegroom bore up against it with his customary courage. His best man, the Hon. John Dillon, looked rather weak and ill. The handsome bride, M'lle Raffalovich, looked her very best, and was attired in a white Irish silk poplin gown, with full court train. She wore also a white Irish lace fichu, arranged as a vest, presented to her by the ladies of Mallow, county Cork. Her ornaments of diamonds included a superb Irish harp, the gift of the bridegroom. A plain tulle veil, suspended from a wreath of orange blossoms, laid lightly on her hair, entirely enveloped her, and fell in long folds at her feet. She was attended by three bridesmaids, who were dressed in Irish poplin, with hats to match. Mr. Parnell and nearly all the members of the Irish party were in attendance. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Cashel, assisted by Father Ryan. After a short musical mass had been sung, the choir broke out into Mendelssohn's wedding march, and the happy pair shook hands warmly with all those who could manage to make their way through the crowd to the altar rails. The wedding party adjourned to the Alexandria Hotel for the wedding breakfast, which was followed by a reception held by Mme. Raffalovich, the bride's mother. Michael Davitt was absent from the ceremony, being seriously ill at his Irish home.

The marriage of Mr. William O'Brien unites Ireland representatively with three of the most important families of the human race—the French, the Russians, and the children of Judea. All agree that the bride is a superb woman, both physically and intellectually. Hospitable Ireland will welcome her most warmly, and the Irish of America will join with THE CITIZEN in wishing both bride and bridegroom all the happiness this world can afford, and, when called from this sphere, eternal happiness in the life to come.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S BOOK.

A great deal of a row is raging in some Irish and Irish-American newspapers in regard to the "pirating" of William O'Brien's story, "When We were Boys" on this side of the Atlantic. It is indisputable that Mr. O'Brien will suffer financially by the injustice, but who is to blame for it? Only recently an attempt to pass an international copyright law, which would protect Mr. O'Boien and all other authors, was defeated in congress by demagogical advocates of "cheap literature." The literature will continue to be "cheap" in this country, and elsewhere, so long as men who are capable of writing such works as that of William O'Brien receive, by reason of literary piracy, only starvation wages. THE CITIZEN does not wholly admire "When we were Boys." Its literary style is excellent, and most of its characters are well drawn, but the author's short acquaintance with the American Irish has led him into a serious blunder in the pen picture of the Fenian leader, "Capt. Mike McCarthy, of the Ninth Massachusetts." Whoever heard an Irish-American of any class say "Give me your paw, stranger?" The dialect attributed to McCarthy was one of the creations of Dickens in his "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," but it is absolutely unknown in America outside of the alleged comic stage. This is the weakest point, in fact it may be said about the only weak point—from a literary standpoint—in Mr. O'Brien's book. Politically, the tendency of the work is to discourage "sedition" and "rebellion" in Ireland. No work that ever Lever or Lover wrote could tend more in that direction. The young Irishman who reads it will have Dawley, the informer, always in his mind's eye, and all manly attempts at insurrection will appear to him in a distorted form. THE CITIZEN is as fully aware as Mr. O'Brien that, under existing conditions, physical force, in the military sense, cannot be used by Ireland, and the verdict of the world at large has been given against violence outside of the laws of war. No nation, no matter how oppressed, or how provoked, can fight her oppressor and the opinion of the outside world at the same time.

But it is a bad thing for Irish leaders to judge the future by the present. A time may come for Ireland, as it has for all other oppressed countries, with her own exception and that of Poland. It is true her population has wofully diminished, and that she has no force capable of taking the field within her borders. It is true that she has neither arms nor discipline, and that Great Britain stands in proportion to her as six to one; but time and opportunity have conquered even greater disproportions than these in the interest of the weaker people, and may do so again. It is a bad thing for national writers to remove hope from the hearts of their youthful countrymen. The picture of Ireland in the past was sad and despairing enough, but the Ireland of today looks more pitiful still. No greater curse can fall upon a country than to have its young men feel that there is no career for them except in the service of the foreign tyrant, or in casting their fortunes among aliens in distant lands. THE CITIZEN, while it hates to observe the rapid depopulation of Ireland, cannot blame every young Irishman of spirit for seeking to emancipate himself from an island which English rule has converted into a moral, if not a physical, prison.

A clever writer put forth the idea some time ago that the present dearth of Irish literature was the result of too much politics. That must be a mistake, because at no time was Ireland more political than in the days of Grattan, Tone, O'Connell, Davis and Mitchel, and at no period of her history did she blossom as a rose intellectually so much as during the epochs marked by the lives of the great Irishmen mentioned. It is not politics itself, but the quality of politics, that makes the difference. While ever Ireland aspired to be a nation, free and independent, untrammeled by English alliances, her intellect expanded and filled all the earth, in prose, in poetry and in great deeds. It is only since she has come to look upon herself as doomed to perpetual provincialism, more or less modified to suit the alleged "progress" of her persecutor, that her genius has become cramped and its shadow grown less.

Mr. O'Brien's book is a sad one—sad, yet most interesting, and through it all there gleams a something that has the sheen of pure gold. "The end is not yet," says the author. THE CITIZEN fervently hopes so, too; but blessed are they who expect nothing from London, as, indeed, they will not be disappointed. If Mr. O'Brien brings out a second edition of his book, THE CITIZEN would respectfully suggest to him to remodel his Irish-American Captain, and also to avoid confounding the Army of the Potomac with that which marched with Sherman to the sea. Otherwise his novel will bear favorable comparison with any of the leading works of fiction that have appeared for half a generation.

JAMES W. TUOHY.

Mr. James W. Tuohy, for years a leading dry goods merchant of this city, died on Monday at his residence, of rapid consumption, brought on by intense application to his business. Mr. Tuohy was only forty-one years old. He was born in Ireland, but came to America at an early age, and learned the business in which he subsequently succeeded so well. During his career in Chicago he was remarkable for the skill and energy which he displayed. But his frame was weaker than his spirit, and he finally succumbed to the great destroyer. Mr. Tuohy was a devout Catholic, and died fortified by all the sacraments of his church. He was greatly beloved by all his employes, to whom he was uniformly just and kind. Every year, he gave them a general merry making time in some prominent hall, and there all his friends congregated, as to a family party. He leaves a young widow, and several children, all of tender years. Few men who have died of late days will be more missed in Chicago business and social circles than Mr. Tuohy. The obsequies, which were largely attended, were held in St. Jarlath's church on Wednesday, and the interment was at Calvary.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KILKENNY.

The Kilkenny (Ireland) *Journal*, of May 24, contained the following paragraph, which, coming from a supposedly national journal, sounds rather peculiar:

"A report to the War Office (in regard to the proposed Kilkenny rifle range) will be immediately forwarded, and finally negotiations with the occupiers concluded—all peasant proprietors, as to which no difficulty is anticipated. Indeed they attended during the inspection, affording every information and encouragement during their entire progress—a felicitous earnest of the possible conditions under which a rifle range for the Cork Military District will be established, whereby a large military detachment of headquarters here can be permanently quartered in the city and county with advantage to themselves and to the county. In the present depressed state of the city and county such a large contingent of the military classes and the military masses will confer social and pecuniary boons of no small dimensions upon the county at large, of which the midland counties urgently stand in need."

Well this *is* 'ard—very 'ard. What is Ireland coming to anyhow? We in America have been led to believe that the Irish at home always want to get rid of the redcoats, instead of which they seem anxious to take them to their bosoms, as Abraham did Lazarus:

Oh the boys of Kilkenny they pride in Cockades;
So whenever they meet with "her Majesty's" blades,
They rush to "the public" and organize a spree
And they dance and sing and pledge the health of ould Victoriee.

God help us. The "poetry" is bad, but the modern "Boys of Kilkenny" are worse.

John Brown's body lies a moldering in the grave—
John Brown's body lies a moldering in the grave
But "Vic" goes marching on.

O'BRIEN—RAFFALOVICH.

Hurrah for the O'Briens!
Hurrah for the Raffaloviches!
Hurrah for their mothers' people!
Hurrah for their cousins, their sisters and their aunts!
Hurrah for the Rooshians!
Hurrah for the Frisch!
Hurrah for the Hebrews!
Hurrah for the Irish!

If the foregoing combination cannot drive the English out of Ireland there is no hope for the Shan Van Vocht. *A bas l'Anglais!*

O'NEILL AT HOOLEY'S.

James O'Neill's revival of The Dead Heart at Hooley's has been the crowning histrionic triumph of the young but bright career of that admirable actor. The play will be on the boards at Hooley's for another week. In point of performance, costuming, scenery and stirring incident the drama has no equal on the stage of today. Every actor and actress seems to be inspired with the spirit of their respective roles. The French Revolution lives again, when Landry (O'Neill) crosses swords with St. Maur (Lackaye) and the first rays of the sun, shining on the blade of the guillotine, seem red with the plenteous blood of dreadful '93. James O'Neill—among the most successful and deserving of American actors—never hid his historical Irish patronymic under a Saxon cloak. He had the courage of true manhood, and true manhood has gained a victory in his gallant personality. He is a true O'Neill. Ireland has never had cause to blush for any true scion of the race which boasts the Red Hand of Ulster.

THE tenth number of that useful periodical called *The Law*, issued monthly, has just been published by Bernhard Meuser, offices 29-30 Chicago *Times* building. The contents for June include "The Judicial System of Russia," by the Hon. Elliott Anthony; "Thomas Drummond" by Robert H. Vickers, and a number of other interesting articles and papers.

MR. JULIUS ROSENTHAL, the well known lawyer, who, for more than twenty years, occupied offices at No. 180 South Clark street, has removed to the First National Bank Building, No. 164 Dearborn street. His telephone number is 1210. Mr. Rosenthal enjoys a distinguished reputation in the legal profession, and more particularly in the real estate and probate branches thereof. THE CITIZEN wishes him continued success in his new quarters.

COL. ANSON MILLS, late major of the 9th cavalry, has been promoted, by reason of vacancy and seniority, to the lieutenant colonelcy of the 4th cavalry—Gen. McKenzie's famous regiment.

COL. T. H. STANTON, U. S. A., one of General Crook's personal friends, and known throughout the West as "the fighting paymaster," has been appointed to the Department of the Platte, with Headquarters at Fort Omaha, Neb. Col. Stanton is widely known in Chicago, and all his friends, here and elsewhere, will be glad to learn that his new station is pleasing to him, as he served in the same department for many years previously.

THE *Weekly Union* of New York says: "The graves of Thomas Addis Emmet, Richard Montgomery and William J. McNevin, in St. Paul's churchyard, were handsomely decorated Decoration Day, by the Gaelic Society. There are some admirable ideas in the Gaelic Society's principles of action. The advantages of membership are many, and the expense only $4 a year. Initiation fee $1. The well known Irish-American merchant, Lawrence J. Callanan, who did such gallant work for the Immigrants, as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the great Fair, is President of the Gaelic Society."

ATHLETICS AND LITERATURE

Eleanor Kirk Defends Base-Ball and Confesses to Enjoying "a Good Close Game" on the Diamond Field.

She Also Praises John F. Finerty's "Warpath and Bivouac" as a Stirring Book Suitable for Young and Old to Read.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 9.—"Say, I heard you had been to see a base-ball game, but of course I know it was only a newspaper report," an orthodox friend remarked the other day.

This was a tight place. I think I must have felt somewhat as John Ward does when he tries to steal second and fails. Of course it is a very rare occasion for Ward to be caught in this legitimate steal, and it is also somewhat unusual for me to be unwilling to own up to all my doings. But my questioner was such a sweet, lovely, conscientious, conventional, pious, easily-shocked soul that I hated to hurt her feelings. "If meat maketh thy brother to offend," saith Paul. "If base-ball maketh thy sister to grieve," thought I, and just here was the rub. I wasn't ashamed of baseball, but I hated to wound my friend, especially as she had believed so thoroughly in my innocence as to have denied the report.

"What's the harm of looking on at a baseball game?" I asked with tentative hypocrisy.

"A great deal of harm, my dear," was the instant response. "Baseball is a game played exclusively by rowdies."

This was enough. That rowdies play baseball is undoubtedly a fact, but that baseball is played exclusively by rowdies was such a bare-faced and utterly unwarranted assertion, that I owned up on the spot, and then and there invited my friend to go with me and see the last game between the Brooklyn and the Chicago teams. Of course the poor dear was shocked, but a moral shock is sometimes of great benefit. When I mentioned the ministers and deacons, and steadfast church members, women as well as men, who were present at the game played the day previous, the effect was pitiful. My friend will ask some questions now and get some sensible answers. She will discover that the evolution of baseball has been rapid and healthy. My friend's criticism might have had some weight years ago, but it has very little now. Professional baseball players are obliged to be temperate if not total abstainers. They are obliged to be polite to each other even in the moments of the greatest excitement. In other words, they must necessarily be gentlemen. I am fond of a good close game of baseball, and I feel that I have a right to be. I am also very proud of our home team.

I have just finished reading "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty, of Chicago. As stated in the preface, the aim of the book "is to place before the public the adventures, privations, heroism and horrors of our last great Indian wars, exactly as they presented themselves to the writer in battle, on the march or in bivouac."

Our literature has been both rich and poor in imaginary Indian stories and battles, but we have been treated to very little real history. The author of "Warpath and Bivouac" has written out his own great experience, as the war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*. Mr. Finerty joined Gen. Crook's army on May 6, 1876, and remained on the warpath until the surrender of Sitting Bull in 1879. From preface to finis there is not a dull page in the volume. Indeed it is intensely interesting and will be found a most fascinating book for the adult reader, and a most useful as well as fascinating one for our young people. I had almost written for our boys, but our girls need the historical information contained in "Warpath and Bivouac" quite as much as the others. This volume is finely illustrated, and will be found, I presume, at all our book stores.

The *Cosmopolitan* for June is a fine number. This magazine, like wine, is enriched by age. The picture of Murat Halstead is the frontispiece, and wonderfully life-like. His rugged face expresses the pluck and fight which has characterized his whole public career. It is all there and much more. Among so many good things it seems a little unfair to call particular attention to one, but really all those who wish to add to their information on scientific subjects should read "Fragments of the Stars," by John Heard, Jr. Elizabeth Bisland's "Third Stage of a Flying Journey Around the World" is most interesting. Allen Forman, Edgar Fawcett, Louise Chandler Moulton, and several other favorites are represented in this number.

On the excellency of the recipes which I have furnished my readers for the manufacture of bread, rolls, biscuits, etc., I would be willing to stake my reputation not only as a cook, but as a teller of the truth. Two or three complaining communications lately received have sent me to a careful examination of all that I have given to the world on this subject. I find no flaw, and I know that there can be no failure if the directions are carefully followed. Of course if the flour is not of the right quality, good bread is an impossibility. This may be the trouble. Again, the yeast may have been poor. My recipe calls for Fleishmann's Compressed Yeast, but with this, as with every other good thing, there are dangerous imitations. It is not only necessary now to see that this yeast has a yellow label, but one must also find on this label the name of the manufacturer. Please let it be understood that I take no responsibility for bread that is not made from unexceptionable flour and the right yeast, but I will guarantee the success of every thing that I have given if the directions are conscientiously followed.

The Sound steamers, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Stonington, and Connecticut have been overhauled from stem to stern, and the machinery of each greatly improved. The Connecticut may really be called a floating palace. The furniture is polished mahogany, and the floors are covered with the richest and rarest moquette. Arc and incandescent lights are used for illuminating purposes.

This inside route to Stonington and Boston is deservedly popular. The boats arrive at Stonington at half-past 1 or 2 in the morning, and the rest of the night can be enjoyed in peace by those who are not in a hurry to take the connecting trains. Then there is always fresh fish broiled to the taste and other good things in the well-furnished restaurants. On May 12 the Great Providence Line, the popular summer route, was opened. The Providence Line is the longest water route and shortest rail line of any between New York and Boston. This is the favorite White Mountain route, a parlor car leaving direct from steamer's landing for Fabyans and intermediate points, while the Stonington Line is the only direct Sound line to Narragansett Pier and Watch Hill.

ELEANOR KIRK.

A.O.H. OF ILLINOIS.

The State Convention of the A.O.H. of Illinois was held at Rock Island, Ill., on June 3 and 4, and was presided over by Edward Spellman, of Peoria, State Delegate. The delegates attended mass on Wednesday morning, and were encouraged by cheering words from the Rev. Father Mackin in a very fine tribute to the Irish people and to the A.O.H. In the afternoon a special train conveyed the delegates to the government arsenal, after looking through which they returned to the convention room. When the usual order of business had been disposed of the officers for the ensuing year were elected, as follows: For State Delegate, L. Henely, of Chicago; State Secretary, John F. Brennan, of Bloomington; State Treasurer, Alexander Vaughey, of Seneca. The following resolutions were adopted, after which the convention adjourned to meet in Decatur, Ill., in June 1892:

WHEREAS, We find from the proceedings of our National Convention that our Order has numerically and financially increased throughout the States and Territories of the Union; and

WHEREAS, We recognize this result has been accomplished by the untiring zeal of our officers.

Resolved, That this convention tender to our officers its thanks for the efficient manner in which they have performed their respective duties.

The following resolutions were also adopted:

WHEREAS, This organization has always supported the people of Ireland in their patriotic efforts to attain their God given rights to make their own laws on their own soil without interference or dictation:

Resolved, That this organization extend to the Irish people our unqualified support, and that we renew and continue our pledges to support the people of Ireland financially and otherwise until they shall gain the God given rights of absolute independence.

Resolved, That we tender to the Catholic hierarchy in this State our grateful thanks for the many words of advice and encouragement, and pray their continued advice and encouragement to further aid us to carry out the principles of our organization.

Resolved, That we favor united organization, and are ready and willing to negotiate with our dissenting brethren; to that end we do hereby authorize our State officers to use all honorable efforts, and make every reasonable concession to bring about united organization, so that the principles of our Order may be further extended and disunion be a thing of the past.

Resolved, That the differences now existing between the A.O.H. in Illinois be left to the arbitration of Archbishop Feehan of Chicago, Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, and Bishop Spalding of Peoria.

Resolved, That our unqualified thanks are due and are hereby extended to Rev. Father Mackin, of Rock Island, for the words of advice and encouragement given to the delegates to this convention.

Resolved, That we tender to our brothers of Rock Island and Davenport our grateful thanks for the generous treatment we have received at their hands. To the order in Davenport we are especially indebted, their generous treatment shall ever be remembered by their Illinois brethern. May they prosper in the future as they have in the past.

United Irish Societies.

One hundred and forty four delegates, representing forty-eight Irish societies of Cook county, assembled in Fitzgerald's Hall Sunday afternoon at the fourteenth annual convention of the United Irish Societies. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Francis T. Colby; Vice Presidents, John S. Mullen and John W. McCarthy; Treasurer, Dennis O'Connor; Corresponding Secretary, James C. Strain; Recording Secretary, Andrew G. Duggan. The latter has been successively re elected for fourteen years. Addresses were made by the newly chosen president and the retiring president, Daniel Corkery. The president was instructed to appoint a committee of thirty five to take full charge of this year's picnic, which will be held Aug. 15, at Ogden's Grove.

THE *Northwestern Chronicle*, St. Paul, Minn.—edited by that able young clergyman, the Rev. John Conway, says: "A question has been raised lately in *The Irish Catholic* as to the first Irish Cardinal. The facts of the case seem to be that Ireland had a Cardinal before Cullen. This was Richard FitzRalph, Archbishop of Armagh from 1347 to 1360. FitzRalph however was not an Irishman. Cardinal Cullen was the first Irishman who was also a Cardinal in Ireland." Dear Father Conway: As regards the matter of having been an Irishman, his Eminence FitzRalph came about as near the mark as his Eminence Paul Cullen.

MR. JOHN J. KELLY and Miss Emma O'Brien, daughter of Mr. Patrick O'Brien, the popular Irish-American business man and nationalist, were married on Tuesday by the Rev. Dr. T. J. Butler, of St. John's church. THE CITIZEN extends its hearty congratulations to the handsome young couple.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

FRIENDS OF THE LATE M. A. WHELAN.

A meeting of the friends of the late Mr. M. A. Whelan was held in the office of *United Ireland*. The object of the meeting was to initiate a fund for the wife and children of the deceased. Mr. O'Brien occupied the chair.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

Most Rev. Dr. Nulty has made the following changes and promotions in the diocese of Meath: Rev. P. Callary, Adm., Mullingar, to be P.P. of St. Mary's, Drogheda. Rev. Peter Gallagher, C.C., Rochfort Bridge, to be P.P., Rathkenny Rev. J. Tynan, C. C., Beaupark, to be P. P., Johnstown. Rev. P. Daly, C. C., Drumcondra, to be C. C., Mullingar. Rev. Thomas Gaughran, C.C., Johnstown, to be C.C., Rochfort Bridge. Rev. P. Ballasty, C.C., Rathkenny, to be C.C., Drumcondra.

ORDINATIONS.

The Bishop of Ossory held ordinations at St. Kiernan's College on May 24. Messrs. John Mullins, John Carroll and Matthew Hogan received tonsure. Messrs Thomas Phelan, John Dunne, Patrick O'Sea and Joseph Murphy received minor orders. Rev. M. Crotty, St. Mary's, and Rev. James Whyte, St. Patrick's, were ordained sub deacons. The Very Rev. J. A. Cullen, S.J., conducted the retreat preparatory for Orders.

COUNTY DUBLIN CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Favored by the most beautiful weather the above championships were continued at the Clonturk Park, Drumcondra. None of the matches call for special mention, with the exception of that between Erin's Hope and the Benburbs, which was admitted by every one to be a most brilliant football display. This being one of the few doubtful matches in the chairmanship up to the present, and the contesting teams having big reputations, it naturally created a very large amount of interest, and from start to finish the spectators vigorously cheered the fine play of both sides. In the previous ties Erin's Hope defeated the Owen Roe O'Neill's and Michael Davitt's, while the Benburbs lowered the colors of the Grocers' Assistants in addition to getting a walk-over in their tie against the T. A. Emmets. Score—Erin's Hope, one goal and nine points; Benburbs, a goal and three points.

APPLICATIONS FOR PATENTS.

Thomas Coghlan, No. 41 Harcourt street, Dublin—Improvements in the method of applying pneumatic tubing for the purpose of billiard table cushions.

Simpson Sheppard and James Rispin, No. 10 Alphonsus avenue, Drumcondra, Dublin—An automatic tap to measure liquids and record same.

Angelo Fahie, No. 9 Westland row, Dublin—A new or improved fishing bait.

William Cochrane, No. 105 Stephen's green, South, Dublin—An automatic shunter for shifting points of rails for shunting trains, tram-cars, and other machines that move on rails.

DEATHS.

At his residence, No. 1 St. Anne's road, Drumcondra, on May 25, Chief Inspector James Murphy, G Division, D.M.P.

On May 23, at his residence, Moneygarrow, county Wexford, Michael Kavanagh, aged 76 years.

The death is announced of the Venerable Lewis Streane, Archbishop of Glendalough. He was one of the oldest clergymen in the Episcopalian church in Ireland, having been ordained in 1838.

The death has also been announced of the Rev. Hugh McConaghty, parish priest of Ballyfin, Maryborough. Father McConaghty, who died on May 13, was widely respected throughout the district, in which he had spent his entire life. He was appointed parish priest of Ballyfin about six years ago.

In consequence of the death of Mr. Nicholas Devereaux, who had been in the employment of the harbor commissioners as bar and harbor pilot for upwards of thirty-three years, the shipping flags were hoist at half mast, in Wexford harbor, on May 23. The deceased, who had attained the ripe age of 78 years, was well known and widely respected.

ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE.

The following students of St. Patrick's College, Carlow, have been thought worthy to be promoted to holy orders: To Priesthood—Revs. J O'Rorke, J. J. Kehoe, J O'Farrell, P. McAntee, J T. Ryan, W. F. Brady, M. Canning, T Mc Wey, M. Curran, N Duggan, M Fogarty, J. W. Lyons, J. O'Carroll, J. X. Lynch, and C. McGee. To Deaconship—J K. Shelly, J. McAlroy, W. McAuliffe, M. S. Kirby, J J. O'Meara, P. Browne, E. Slattery, K Regan, M Foley, G. L Mason, M Mennis, W. MacNulty, J. Brosnan, and G. Griffin. To Sub-Deaconship—P. MacCabe, M. Shanahan, W. Lynch, M. Dillon, D. O'Keeffe, S. Lawler, and P. Ryan.

MUNSTER.

THE GLENSHARROLD ESTATES.

A Limerick correspondent writes that the tenants on the Glensharrold estate, which is under the court of chancery, have received circulars from the receiver, Mr. Edward P. Hosford, intimating that he has been authorized by the court to accept one year's rent, less 30 per cent, in satisfaction of the rent and arrears due up to Aug. 1, 1889, provided payment be made before the 27th inst.

LIMERICK UNION.

The election of rate collector for one of the rural divisions of the poor law union took place on May 21. There were two candidates, Mr. C. Brennan and Mr. M. Ryan. Before the nomination a discussion took place as to an altercation between the chairman, Mr. John McInerney, and Mr. Brennan. The chairman said that Mr. Brennan had threatened to put an umbrella down his throat. As a private matter he would rather let it pass. Mr. Brennan stated that the chairman first called him a cur. The chairman then detailed the conversation with Mr. Brennan, stating that the latter first called him a blackguard. The mayor of Limerick proposed the election of Mr. Brennan, and Mr. Finucane, M. P, proposed that of Mr. Ryan. A poll was taken, and Mr. Brennan was elected by 38 to 31 votes.

COLLISION ON THE SHANNON.

On May 23 a grain vessel from San Francisco to Limerick, came in collision with a turf boat below Beigh Castle, on the Lower Shannon. The latter sank at once, and the crew, Michael Hayes, master; John Banim, and another sailor, were drowned. The crew of the 'Frisco vessel endeavored to rescue the drowning men, but without success.

CHARGED WITH MURDER.

A young man named Sullivan has been arrested charged with the murder of Patrick Fihive, who was shot, near his own house, Ballyheigue, county Kerry, in August, 1886. The police allege they have evidence in their possession connecting the prisoner with the murder.

ARRESTED FOR SMUGGLING.

The fishing smack "Sarah Gale" James Cotter, of Cape Clear, owner has been placed under arrest at Baltimore by Chief Officer Botts and his coast guards on a charge of smuggling.

AUCTION OF AN HISTORIC ESTATE.

The mansion house and demesne of Mount Shannon, the seat of the Earls of Clare, was put up for sale at public auction recently. The estate was formed and the house built considerably over a hundred years ago by John Fitzgibbon, attorney-at-law, and father of the celebrated chancellor, the first Lord Clare. For the mansion house and demesne, containing six hundred Irish acres, Mr. James Bannatyne, J.P., corn merchant, offered £20,000, at which figure the property was withdrawn, and put up again in small lots. Only one lot was publicly sold, a field of thirty-one acres, which was purchased by a Limerick butcher named Patrick Sheehan, for £1,365 and fees.

"SHADOWING."

At Killeagh the police were actively engaged "shadowing" prominent Nationalists who attended the fair on legitimate business. Edmond O'Brien, James O'Brien, Robert O'Brien, Charles O'Brien, and Richard Neville, were all day closely followed by constables.

DEATH OF THE O'DONOVAN, D.L.

The Skibbereen *Eagle* announces the death of The O'Donovan, D.L., Lisard, Skibbereen, after a somewhat protracted illness.

A BUST OF WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

The local government board auditor has surcharged several members of the Clonakilty board of guardians 12s 6d, the price of a bust of William O'Brien, which some time ago was bought to decorate the boardroom.

A NEW RAILWAY.

The ordinary half yearly meeting of the Mitchelstown & Fermoy Railway Co. was held in Mitchelstown recently, Very Rev. Dean O'Regan, P.P., V.G., presiding. Mr. William Murphy, M.P., contractor for the new line, was present. The report stated that the works are rapidly approaching completion.

A CURIOUS EVICTION.

A curious eviction was carried out in the neighborhood of Limerick recently, at the suit of Lord Lansdowne. The tenant, Miss Morrissy, held a large plot of land, sublet to several tenants part being in the city and part in the county Limerick. Mr. Hobson, the county sheriff, and Mr. Fitt, the city sheriff, attended with the police, under Mr. Lawless, to eject Miss Morrissy on title. One house was barricaded, but no resistance was offered. The sub tenants, including the County Cricket Club, were reinstated.

"GOD SAVE IRELAND."

A respected correspondent sends us the following account of a little incident in Cashel: "The boys of the Rockwell College, in the heart of Tipperary, had their annual picnic on Tuesday, the day appointed for the National meeting in Cashel. As the cars, headed by the college band, playing 'God Save Ireland,' entered Cashel at 8 a.m. the boys were painfully surprised to find their passage blocked by hussars with drawn swords and by some police. Police Sergeant Hegarty stepped forward and ordered a halt. The local resident magistrate, though told the party was only a number of schoolboys passing through the town, said, 'I don't care; they may pass, but they shan't play.' 'Thanks for your courtesy,' said one of the priests in charge; 'we must pass, and we shall play in spite of you.' The spirited boys made good their superior's words. No sooner had they passed the hussars than they played 'God Save Ireland.'"—*Freeman.*

BALLYDUFF DISPENSARY COMMITTEE.

The members recently met, when Mr. Cashin proposed and Mr. O'Connor seconded a resolution asking that the local government board be petitioned to appoint a resident medical officer. Mr. Quirk proposed a contrary resolution. There voted for Mr. Cashin Messrs. O'Connor and Daly; for Mr. Quirk, Messrs. Tobin, Fuge, Coleman, Usher, and O'Donoghue.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Newcastlewest correspondent writes: "The death is announced of the very estimable clergyman, Rev. P. J. MacNamara. He was educated at Maynooth, and was eleven years on the Limerick mission, being curate successively in Manister, Tournafella, Limerick, Loughill, Ballybahill and Ballingarry.

Mr. Harrison, who has been elected member for Mid-Tipperary, is a member of the Old Westminsters' Football Club. He left the school about four years ago, and went to Balliol College, Oxford. He is only 22 years of age, a splendid athlete, and stands 6 feet 2 inches in height.

Matthew O'Flaherty, chairman of the Croom board of guardians, died on the 24th ult., after a brief illness, at his residence, Donoman Castle, Croom, county Limerick.

The coroner held an inquest at Bessborough on May 22, on the body of William Sayer, butler at Bessborough Park, who died suddenly on the previous day. The jury found, in the absence of medical testimony, that deceased probably died from heart disease.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Lord Bishop of Limerick, conferred the white veil on two postulants at the Convent of Mercy, St. Mary's Limerick—Helen Josephine, daughter of J. B. Kennedy, Limerick, and Kathleen, daughter of J. Loftus, Forster street, Galway. Miss Loftus took in religion the name of Sister Mary Barromeo, and Miss Kennedy that of Sister Mary Aidan.

William F. Hall, B.F., harbor engineer, died of typhoid fever at his residence, Hartstonge street, Limerick. Mr. Hall was a distinguished graduate of Trinity College, Dublin.

A raid for arms was made by the police in Mill street, Cork, May 23. The search was unsuccessful.

Two young ladies, Miss McCarthy, Cork, and Miss Mollie Shore, Galway, received the white veil at the Presentation Convent, Fermoy, on the 18th ult.

On May 17, before the lord chancellor, Mr. Charles Evans, of Cork, was sworn in a solicitor of the high court of justice in Ireland.

James J. Long, of the Waterford *Citizen*, has been appointed editor of the Tipperary *Nationalist*.

At the weekly sessions for Tipperary 27 persons were summoned for hooting, groaning, and assaulting the police in the discharge of their duty.

Smith O'Brien escaped from Youghal in 1848 in the brigantine Eliza O'Keeffe, which, it is interesting to note, is still afloat. She is owned and sailed by Capt. Clifford, of Dungarvan. [AN ERROR.]

Most Rev. Dr. Egan, bispop of Waterford and Lismore, has appointed Rev. P. F. Flynn to the pastoral charge of Trinity Without, vacant by the death of Rev. Father Nolan, P. P. Frther Flynn has been administrator in this parish for over eight years.

CONNAUGHT.

DEATH OF THE VERY REV. GEOFFREY CANON BOURKE.

We regret to announce the death of this respected clergyman of the diocese of Tuam. He was for a considerable time parish priest of Cummer, near Tuam, and during his occupancy of the parish advanced in every possible way the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people committed to his charge. Canon Bourke belonged to a very old and respected family, and his death places a large number in the counties of Galway and Mayo in mourning.

LOUGHREA RACES.

The Loughrea races, over the Knockbarron course, were held on Monday, June 9.

AN APPOINTMENT TO THE SLIGO MAGISTRACY.

Mr. Sexton (for Mr. P. McDonald) asked the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland whether a gentleman named Gothin has been recently appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Sligo; if so, what were Mr. Gothin's qualifications for the office; has he a residence in the county; is he a landholder or landlord's agent, or does he hold any official position in the district; and if he does not possess any of these qualifications on what grounds did the Lord Lieutenant of the county recommend him to the Lord Chancellor?

The Attorney General for Ireland said that the Lord Chancellor reported that Mr. Gothin was neither a landlord nor land agent, but a gentleman of education and position, residing in the county of Sligo. He having been recommended by the Lord Lieutenant of the county as a fit and proper person to be a magistrate, he was appointed in the usual course to meet the necessity for an additional magistrate in the Ballymote district, in which district he would attend.

Mr. Sexton—Is the right honorable gentleman aware that this gentleman is not a resident in this county or in any other county (laughter), but that he is simply a lodger in his brother's house, and I would ask is it usual to appoint a gentleman who has neither property nor residence to the Commission of the Peace? (Hear, hear).

The Attorney General said this gentleman resided in the county Sligo. He had no further information to give to the house beyond that which he had given in the answer. As to the question whether it was usual to appoint persons without property, that happened to be a departure from the customary course (hear, hear).

Mr. Sexton—Will the right honorable gentleman inquire whether it is the fact that this gentleman has no residence, no property, and no rating anywhere?

The Attorney General—Yes, I will inquire.

Mr. John O'Connor—Would you kindly allow me to ask the Attorney General whether he will instruct the officials of Dublin Castle to supply him with such information as will not be misleading to the house? (Hear, hear.)

The Speaker—Order, order.

ATTEMPT TO UPSET A TRAIN.

A gate, such as is used at railway crossings, was placed across the railway line on the up track, about a mile and a half from Claremorris station recently. The up mail came in contact with the obstruction, driving it before it for a considerable distance. It is said the train owes its escape to the way the gate was placed, as the part facing the engine was elevated, and the iron crooks or guard in front got under it and thus carried it with it. The police are investigating the matter.

MEDICAL PRIZES.

Among the names of the young gentlemen who recently took senior medical prizes we notice that of Master Edwar C. Brabazon, son of the late Mr. Timothy Brabazon, of Castlebar. Master Myles C. Jordan also, for the third time, carried first class certificates.

BALLINTUBBER ABBEY.

Over sixty horses and carts were engaged during the third week in May conveying rooting material—slate and timber—from the railway station in Castlebar to Ballintubber Abbey. The public will be glad to learn that the good work of the restoration of the ancient abbey has progressed so satisfactorily, through the energy and perseverance of Father Reedy that it is now advanced almost to completion.

A BOYCOTTED HEAD CONSTABLE.

At the Liverpool Bankruptcy Court, before Mr. Registrar Cooper, Wm. Campbell (formerly a constable in the Irish Constabulary and afterwards a grocer, baker, and publican in Eskey, county Sligo), a greengrocer in Overton Road, Liverpool, and a checker in the employ of the Liverpool Tramway and Omnibus Company, came up for his public examination. Campbell said his debts were all incurred at Eskey between June, 1888, and October, 1889. His failure in business at Eskey was caused by his being boycotted. As soon as it became generally known that he had been in the constabulary the villagers boycotted him.

A NEW RAILWAY.

On May 21 work was commenced at the Claremorris end of the Ballinrobe and Claremorris Railway, and a number of men were employed. The machinery used by the contractor, Mr. Worthington, at the Attymon and Loughrea Line, has arrived, and it is expected the work will be rapidly proceeded with.

NOTICES OF EVICTION.

Mr. George Howe Browne, who holds a considerable extent of property in Claremorris Union, has served Mr. Moran, relieving officer, with notices of the intended eviction of twenty-two tenants.

BOUGHT BY THE VENDORS.

All the machinery, plant, type, etc., in the *Western News* office, Ballinasloe, was recently put up for sale by Mr. L. Conroy, and the highest bid being £160 it was bought in at the reserved price, £200, by the vendors.

ULSTER.

The death is announced of Mr. J. S. Clarke, proprietor of the *Down Recorder*.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN DONEGAL.

Details of a tragic occurrence in the neighborhood of Donegal town have reached Derry. The circumstances are horrifying and peculiarly sad. A man named Daniel McCormac, seized with a maniacal idea that an evil spirit had got possession of his house, suddenly fell upon his son with a pair of tongs, and killed him. The victim was at the time prostrate and helpless suffering from brain fever. McCormac was arrested, and today, after investigation, was conveyed to Derry prison. The event has caused the utmost excitement in the neighborhood of North Donegal.

AN OLD RECEIPT.

Mr. John Tomar, Rathfriland, has found in an old piece of furniture an Ulster Bank deposit receipt for £68, dated 1842.

SAD DEATH OF A BOY.

Mr. Atkinson, coroner, Portadown, held an inquest on May 24 on the body of a youth named Johnston, from Sheepbridge, county Down. On Thursday, May 22, on the way home from Newry, the horse which he was driving became restive and pitched him on the road. He sustained internal injuries which caused his death soon after.

MAGISTRATES AND POLICE IN DUNGANNON.

Recently at Dungannon petty sessions a woman named Mrs. Wynn was charged with stealing £34 from a man named McDonald. Mr. James Brown, J. P., was in the chair. District Inspector Holmes prosecuted, and the accused was defended by Mr. S. Howard. After hearing the evidence the bench refused informations. At the conclusion of the case District Inspector Holmes applied to have the accused put under bail, as he intended to look for further evidence, and she might decamp in the meantime. Mr. Howard said this was police law, but it would not do in Dungannon, and ordered the woman to leave the court. The head constable ordered her to be stopped and Mr. Howard told her to leave. A scene ensued, and the chairman announced that they did not think the case proven and they would not detain the woman. The woman was then discharged.

NEW IRISH PATENTS.

Robert Christy and John Scott, No. 49 Moyola street, Belfast, "Holding down tents in form of screw peg."

STRIKE AT BELFAST.

The billposters of the North of Ireland Advertising Company, Belfast, have struck for an increase of 22s to 25s per week. They also ask an allowance of 6d per hour for overtime.

LAKE EXCURSIONS

To St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich., on the elegant new steel side wheel steamer "City of Chicago" and the "Puritan," leaving Chicago daily at 9:30 a.m., returning to the city at 8 p.m. the same day. Fare for this excursion trip, $1 00. This is the finest trip offered Chicago people. Fine hotels, fishing, bathing and beautiful drives. A steamer also leaves Chicago at 9:30 p. m. daily, close connections are made at the sister cities with the Chicago & West Michigan Railway, Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan Railway, and Vandalia Line. Make dates for excursion parties early. GRAHAM & MORTON TRANSPORTATION COMPANY, Dock at the foot of Wabash avenue.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels.

Sarsaparilla belongs to the smilax family of plants, and is found very generally over the American continent; but the variety that is richest in medicinal properties is the Honduras root, of which the famous Ayer's Sarsaparilla is made.

For restoring the color, thickening the growth, and beautifying the hair, and for preventing baldness, Hall's Hair Renewer is unsurpassed.

THE CRITICS' VERDICT.

Condensed American Newspaper Opinion in Regard to Mr. Finerty's Stirring Book, "Warpath and Bivouac."

A Batch of Ringing Extracts from Leading Journals, East and West—A Fine Literary and Historical Volume.

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune, May 17.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is an entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot, May 10.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth, May 4.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle, May 4.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptivenes of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald, April 19.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West. An excellent map shows the theatre of the war."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean, April 26.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times, April 26.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

FULL OF FIRE AND ENTHUSIASM

[*Irish World, May 11.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac—As the *Irish World* announced some time since, Mr. John F. Finerty, who during the Indian campaigns of 1876 and 1879 was war correspondent for the Chicago *Times*, has been engaged for some time in the preparation of a history of those thrilling campaigns attending the conquest of the Sioux tribes. The work, which has just been given to the public under the above title, is ably written, and its descriptions are full of the fire and enthusiasm of Mr. Finerty, who is himself of martial mold and evidently delighted in the dangers and deeds of bravery in which he himself acted a conspicuous and honorable part, and the story of which he tells with the familiar knowledge of personal observation."

USEFUL AND FASCINATING.

[*St. Louis Republic, April 26.*]

"The writer, who is a newspaper veteran of the first rank, has avoided a sensational style, and tells his story in a straightforward, manly fashion, like one who has seen the dangers recited face to face, and been thereby impressed with the stern reality of such hard experiences. Yet the anecdotes and reminiscences of camp life interwoven into the narrative brighten it up, and the whole makes a work that is at once useful as history and fascinating as a narration of the most stirring adventures that it is in the lot of any man to go through."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal, May 3.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

AN ARMY FROM ALL MILITARY COUNTRIES.

[*Illinois Staats Zeitung, May 7.*]

Although the majority of the officers of our small army are native born, its composition as regards the noncommissioned officers and privates is more promiscuous than Wallenstein's army in the Thirty Years' War. And in this respect this small army is the most remarkable of all armies of the present day.

A true and interesting picture of this is given by John F. Finerty, of Chicago, who as correspondent participating in Indian battles under Crook and Miles became thoroughly acquainted with the American frontiers' military, which later he did not fail to keep track of, and about which he in his lately published and excellent book, "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux," relates all sorts of narratives worthy of repetition, although somewhat carnage tinted.

NO BOOK GIVES MORE THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

[*Irish-American, N. Y.*]

There is no gainsaying that Mr. Finerty's graphic description of the last great Indian campaign shows that no white race that ever existed could have been more warlike than the Sioux, or could have made a braver fight for their liberty. No book ever written about Indians does their heroic qualities more justice than does the one under notice; and no book ever written—not even a novel—gives more thrilling experiences, recounts more hair-breadth escapes, or portrays more vividly the horrors and hardships of an Indian campaign. Its author, although a newspaper correspondent, was in reality a soldier; he had his choice either to go with the command as a volunteer, or not to go at all. Every one that went with it had to take his full share of all the hardships and dangers. No other newspaper correspondent went through such dangers and hardships as Mr. Finerty did. He can boast of having done what no other man of his profession did; the commonest private in the ranks went through no more danger than he did. His book is, therefore, the most interesting of any of the kind ever written.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

The wildest romance cannot exceed the realities of some of the scenes and adventures which were incident to this last campaign of organized military strategy against the no less brave and persistent savagery of the Sioux. Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

FULL OF MARTIAL INCIDENT.

[*Richmond, (Va.) Times.*]

Its compilation is most undoubtedly from life pictures of the cruel war between the civil and hostile nations, and no energy but the true Chicagoan, and no pluck but the genuine American, could have induced an historian to ride like a trooper across the far western morass and prairie, live like a soldier, and, in fact, everything except "die like a soldier," smoke the pipe with Spotted Eagle, meet in council of war Sitting Bull, and dodge the tomahawk of Painted Face. All this did Mr. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, that his paper and this work should teem with the events of the bloody period. The work, as its name would indicate, is full of martial incident, heroism and daring. There is no lack of "heavy villians', in the very live plot, and romantic situations abound. The hated red man is more tolerable in book form than in human form, as his wilderness makes a certain picturesque setting always. The style of the author is as easy and modern as that from a newspaper pen could not escape being, yet his diction is graceful, very, and his descriptions pretty, though not tedious.

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald, April 26.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

READS LIKE A THRILLING ROMANCE.

[*Nashville (Tenn.) American.*]

It reads like a thrilling romance—stirring the blood and holding the interest without abatement to the end. It is a notable contribution to the history of the conquest of the wild tribes of the great plains—the bravest of all the savage warrior races that ever tried to stay the tide of Caucasian supremacy.

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News, April 28.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $3 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable.

SPANISH LOVE SONG.

And it's O to be yoked and sold for your life,
Queen's slave and—all else counting stark!
(As I this minute make a bright tie for eyes
"That was no lady, that was my lord!)
Flowers, gold, jewels, wreathing brow and breast,
And me to worship, outstretched hand—

The spotlessness, sun, vine barred window scaling,
With us the vast wealth to share,
A summer day say, o'er a happy world—
Not a shadow anywhere

And it's O to hear constant sound of wings—
A tireless, flickering pair,
For threads of gold hair, for mosses and leaves,
Swift flying hither and there,
While weaving marvelous pattern of song,
In the warp of perfumed air

And it's O to live in a dream,
A sweet dream, the sweet day long
A wondering whence are those wings, and whence
That steady, soft rain of song

And it's O with such quickened pulse to peep
Thro' dream curtain drawn apart
And find—'tis young love, a-building a nest,
Under the eaves of your heart!
—Washington Post.

A WEDDING PRESENT.

One morning in May Giorgio Passeri, the celebrated author, whose greatest work had furnished the subject for one of the finest paintings of the present day, was walking thoughtfully up and down in his study, stopping now and then before one or the other of the open windows which looked out upon a spacious garden.

The room, which was light and airy, was not remarkable in any way. There were book shelves all around, a few chairs here and there and books and papers scattered about in great disorder—that sort of literary disorder which prevails almost without exception in the rooms of those who are devoted to intellectual work.

As the village church bell rang for 8 o'clock he turned instinctively toward the door, then shook his head with a sigh, and going to the table he began to unfold some manuscripts. But before the bell had finished ringing the door opened and a young girl of perhaps 20 years, graceful in figure and with brown hair and eyes, entered the room.

"Good morning, papa."

He who, at her appearance, could not conceal his emotion, kissed her on the forehead and exclaimed:

"Today also?"

"Today more than ever," she replied. And with a shade of sadness in her voice she added:

"Is not this the last day?"

"Do you really want to?"

"Yes," replied the girl tenderly.

"I want to be your secretary today, also. Of course we cannot finish the book, but we can get through the chapter we are at work upon."

Giorgio Passeri insisted that Emilia, as she was called, should abandon such a strange idea, for she must indeed have other things in her mind that day. But she was immovable—she had always been a little obstinate.

"Very well," concluded the father, finally. "Sit down at the table." And after standing for a moment perplexed he continued:

"We will let the book go, today. Take instead some other paper."

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Keep still and write," he answered, approaching her and caressing her hair. Then he began to dictate in the following way:

"They two, father and daughter, had lived alone together for many years."

"Oh," said Emilia, lifting her eyes, "just like you and me."

He motioned to her to keep silence, and then continued:

"They were left alone when she was only 3 years old, and he was not yet 30."

"But that is just our case."

"If you keep on interrupting me I shall lose the thread of my story."

And he continued:

"She, poor little thing, could not appreciate her loss; but he, in addition to his own sorrow, felt that which she would have realized if she had been older. It seemed to him that all his affection could not possibly make up to his dear little girl the lack of a mother's sweet and tender care. Some of his relations offered to take charge of the child, as it was thought difficult for him to bring her up alone; but he rejected the generous offer as if it had been an offense. He would not be deprived of his child or make her twice an orphan."

Two or three times during this dictation Emilia had tried to put in a word, but her father, with a slight movement of command and of entreaty, had silenced her observations, and she finally resigned herself to write in silence, as he wished.

"Thus they lived together, having in the house only two servants and a governess, the latter of which, to tell the truth, was changed quite frequently, so jealous was the father of any one who had an influence over the child. And, as she grew up, beautiful, lovely and intelligent, he took pride in carrying out her education himself.

"She, on her part, was not happy unless she was with her father; he was not only her instructor, but the chosen companion of her sport, and it was seldom that she ever left the house with any one but him.

"The lapse of time only served to make this band stronger and more tender. When she was 13 years old a rather amusing scene occurred between the father and daughter. She declared one evening, with great solemnity, that she would live forever with her babbo, and that she would not do like other girls who leave their home some fine day and go off with the first comer. The father then replied, smiling: 'Oh, you will do just as the others do,' and she rose in great fury, and began to cry and declare that her father did not want her any more, if he talked in that way. She rushed sobbing from his presence, shut herself up in her room, and was in a towering passion for two or three days. The signor"——

This time Emilia could not restrain herself, and said, laughing: "The Signor Giorgio."

"No, no," said her father—"the Signor Puntini." And he went on dictating:

"The Signor Puntini was afflicted with an incurable malady."

"Oh, babbo!" exclaimed Emilia, "you had an incurable malady?"

"Yes, indeed. But go on writing and don't interrupt me."

"The malady of spoiling paper with writing novels, romances and poems, which went so far as to be printed and bound and seen in the windows of the booksellers.

"Now this daughter had a great curiosity to read all this trash while it was yet in manuscript, and she used to rummage through her father's papers, a thing which was not without some inconvenience. However, with the inconvenience there was some advantage, and the advantage was this: The author realizing the difficulty of keeping from his daughter's eyes the things that issued from his pen took greater care to give to his thoughts a pure and chaste direction. He did not, indeed, always picture life in roseate hues, but he took no pleasure in representing human brutality, and when, in faithfulness to his art, he could not entirely conceal it, he did his best to picture it in such a way as would least offend the sensibilities of his first reader. Little by little there grew up another bond of union between father and daughter. He was a very bad penman and his writing was the despair of printers; but she wrote a plain hand which could be read at first sight by a child.

"The father, selfishly, perhaps, gradually came to take advantage of this fact. He had her write under his dictation, first a little, then more and more until she finally became his secretary altogether.

"In the meantime the years were passing by and the little girl became a young woman, and the young woman was as beautiful as one could desire."

"Oh, papa!"

"Silence!"

"So that even the street people turned to look at her. She still declared that she would always stay with her babbo, but she did not say it with the same emphasis as before, and when he replied that she must submit to the common law she sighed and shook her head, but did not fly into a rage.

"There was very little company ever in the house, but once in a while some one would drop in of an evening, or come to dine, and the young girl always performed with much grace these occasional duties of hospitality. Now it happened that among these few guests was a young man, an assistant to a professor of mathematics, who, whether it was on account of the cooking or of the young mistress, showed so much pleasure at having been invited to dinner one day that he was hospitably urged to come again, and so on, ad infinitum.

"Between the dinners and the following visits, which were called visits of digestion, the fellow was always under foot. The author, short sighted and stupid, as are all others of his kind, never noticed anything going on; but the young girl began to be absent minded, to answer at random, and to make the most dreadful mistakes in writing—in fact, one morning she actually wrote caro with an h."

"Oh! how you remember everything!" said Emilia, laughing.

"Finally the simple minded man of a father suspected something and questioned his daughter on the subject.

"She, after dodging the point for a while, broke out into a torrent of tears and confessed that she did not seem the same any longer, and that for some time she had been possessed of a vague unrest which she did not understand.

"Ahime! After careful inquiry it was found out that the beginning of her uneasiness dated from the Wednesday when the young assistant of mathematics was invited to dine with them. The innocent child feigned great surprise at this discovery, declared that the assistant of mathematics was unendurable to her; that she did not want to see him again, and in conclusion she threw herself weeping upon her father's neck and begged him to take her far, far away to some place where there could not possibly be any assistant mathematicians.

"Signor Puntini, as we have already said, was not very sharp about some things, but the facts were so plain as not to be misunderstood by a man of even small intelligence.

"The time so much dreaded had come at last, when the girl, forgetful of her solemn promises, was preparing to take her flight from the home nest.

"While the good man was still agitated by these thoughts he received a most respectful letter from the young assistant, in which the latter declared himself violently in love with the young lady, vowed that he could not live without her, and was anxious to marry her. What was to be done? The young man was of good family, had fine qualities of mind and heart"——

"Yes, indeed!"

"No remarks, if you please."

"Was not without money, and besides, if he was in love with the girl she was also in love with him.

"When the father asked the daughter what answer she would make if the young man asked her hand in marriage she turned all colors and replied that it was not possible, and that it was useless to talk about anything so unlikely to happen; but if it were so—ah, if it were so! and then by force of that blessed habit which women have of melting into tears she began to sob and cry. Things having come to this point, it is easy to understand how, in a short time, the author's daughter and the young assistant of mathematics became promessi sposi.

"It would certainly be doing violence to the truth not to say that in giving his consent Signor Puntini felt a spasm of the heart. He was then to be alone, without the dear and faithful companionship of her who, for nearly twenty years, had scarcely left him for an instant. What silence, what sadness there would be in the house after her departure! And perhaps his sorrow, too plainly seen in his face, had cast a shadow over his daughter's happiness. He knew, indeed, that it was useless to rebel against the law of nature, and that he must resign himself to what he could not prevent. He, therefore, tried to put on a cheerful face in the presence of the lovers, and to discuss pleasantly the details and arrangements of the marriage. The daughter, poor, dear creature, tried to harmonize the old affections and duties with the new, and, to her credit be it said, she succeeded very well up to a certain point.

"She told her father repeatedly that she wanted to perform in advance for him all the little acts of love and duty that would no longer be possible after she had left the house. And according to her old habit, she came every morning to his study prepared to act as his secretary for a couple of hours or more. Nevertheless, in spite of her efforts, she showed that her heart was not there, and it often happened that she would pay no attention to what her father was saying, but would sit, pen in hand, with her eyes looking out on vacancy and her mind far away. In short, the father realized, little by little, that she had other things in her head than his imaginings. He offered to excuse her, as one often does with servants, in order to get rid of them decently, but she rebelled against the sentence, became excited and declared that she did not want to give up her place as secretary until the last day, that being also the wish of the aforesaid young man, and so on, and so forth, to the same effect.

"The author had at that time just commenced a romance, in the plot of which his daughter was very much interested. One morning, after much preambling and hesitation, she said: 'Ah, how proud I should be if this book could be finished and dedicated to me on my wedding day! What a fine present that would be!' 'We will see,' replied her father, and he really had the intention of gratifying her. But, as the time approached the author's rein diminished, his disobedient fancy refused him colors and figures; he could not banish his daughter from his study, and yet he could not see her sitting there, her head bent over the paper, without thinking of something very different from his romance."

"Oh, poor papa!" exclaimed Emilia, rising and throwing herself into his arms. But he gently disengaged her, and, controlling his own emotion, begged her to take her place again, and went on with his story.

"Thus, when only two months were lacking of the time fixed for the marriage, he had finished but half of the work, and when but two weeks remained he had scarcely accomplished two-thirds of the whole. It was then seen to be impossible to publish it on the wedding day: nevertheless, Emilia"——

"There; you have at last called her by her right name."

"Emilia continued to come every morning to the study, and to write the periods and phrases that dropped laboriously from the exhausted imagination of the romancer."

"Exhausted? Don't say that papa. There are some beautiful pages in your book."

"You are not an impartial judge, carina."

"—— of the romance; however, the dictator was often interrupted. Father and daughter would look at each other tenderly; take each other by the hand, as if going over again the long years passed in faithful communality of thought; and without saying so openly, seemed to thank each other for the good mutually done in the past, and to beg forgiveness for what might have been amiss.

"The wedding day was set for Monday, the third Monday in May, and the young man went on the preceding Saturday to bring his aged mother to the marriage. He was to arrive by the noon train, and the ceremony was to take place at 2 o'clock. On that morning, the last morning, the author went down, as usual, to his study; but he certainly did not expect to see his daughter appear before him there. Judge of his pleasure and astonishment when before the bell stopped striking the hour she came into the room, her face more beautiful than ever, for the delicate pallor that flitted across it. To his expression of surprise she answered, 'I want to be your secretary today, also,' and seated herself in the accustomed place before the half finished sheet of the day before.

"But at that moment the author scarcely remembered of having a romance to write. The characters and situations of his personages were quite indifferent to him. He thought of the romance of his own life, of which the most beautiful chapter was just ending, and instead of dictating to her he would rather take his daughter on his knee, to tell her again the stories of her babyhood, at the same time pushing back the clustering brown curls that shadowed her forehead. He would rather have told her all he had in his heart, would rather have expressed all the fond wishes which would follow her away from the threshold of home, all the hopes that he cherished for her happiness, and that of her companion. But who knows when he would have finished if he had commenced in that way. He remembered, instead, that he had promised her something for a wedding present, which it was now impossible to give her.

"A strange idea struck him, and taking fresh paper, he dictated a lot of foolish things that passed through his mind.

"It struck 9 o'clock. Emilia made an involuntary movement. Her father understood that it was time to close.

"Then when it struck 9 and he saw the girl uneasy in her seat——

"That is not so."

"Yes, indeed it is."

"He leaned over the manuscript and added with his own hand:

"What then, papa?"

"Give me the pen."

"To my daughter on her wedding day.

"GIORGIO TASSERI."

"Oh, babbo, caro babbo, how good you are!" cried Emilia, escaping from the chair.

"This time you will let me kiss you."

"Without doubt," replied he, giving her two sonorous kisses.

"But now go and dress yourself and make yourself beautiful for him."

"She ran to the door as if her feet were winged, but suddenly turned back quite ashamed. She had forgotten to take the manuscript! But fortunately her father had not noticed it. He had turned again to the window, and was gazing out into the garden, where the nightingales, concealed among the leaves, were trilling their songs of love."—Translated for Chicago Evening Herald from the Italian of Enrico Castlenuovo by Annette Crocker.

JACK, THE BOY MISSIONARY.

A Baby Who Survived the Perils of Central Africa to Die at Last in London.

A tablet to the memory of Little Jack, the boy missionary, as he was called, erected by Sunday school children, was unveiled over his grave in London. Little Jack was only 7 years old when he died. Though he was born in England, nearly all his brief life was spent in Central Africa. He was famous as the only white baby ever seen in the region of the great lakes; and after passing unscathed through all the dangers of Equatorial Africa, he fell a victim at last to measles in his native land.

Jack was the son of the well known missionary, Capt. Hore, who has given us the best map of Lake Tanganyika that has yet been made. He started for Africa with his parents when he was only 11 weeks old, and the story of the baby's trip to Lake Tanganyika, which was written by his mother, made Jack very well known. When the party started inland from Zanzibar they trundled Jack in a wheelbarrow. The softest possible bed was made for him in a wicker basket, whose sides were padded so that he could not hurt himself. The basket was placed in a steel wheelbarrow frame, and in this conveyance Jack made a very comfortable journey to Mamboia, a hundred miles inland. There were reasons, however, why it was not thought best for Jack and his mother to go any further that year, and so the baby was wheeled back to the coast again, and he returned to England none the worse for his novel journey.

The year following Jack and his mother started for Africa once more, and his father rigged up another sort of conveyance for the baby passenger. This time bamboo poles were fastened to the sides of the basket and four porters were detailed to carry Jack. As they swung along the path the supple poles gave to the basket a springy motion which was very pleasing to the little fellow. Along the bamboos was stretched a canvas awning, impervious alike to sun or rain, with movable sides, that could be fastened up or down at pleasure. His mother was carried in a bath chair rigged up in a similar fashion.

After Jack had been carried far inland African fever tackled the little fellow, and then he insisted much of the time upon being carried in his mother's lap, but happily he did not suffer long from the formidable foe of white men in Africa. When the caravan halted for the noonday lunch, the first duty of the men was to pitch a tent to shelter Jack and his mother from the scorching sun.

One day a porter ran away with a canvas bag containing nearly all of Jack's wardrobe. The calamity, however, was easily remedied, for Mr. Hore had a lot of cotton cloth to pay his way through the country, and Jack soon had a new wardrobe. Many of the marches were very wearisome, and Mrs. Hore wrote that she and Jack often presented a very draggled appearance when the halt was made for the day.

The journey lasted ninety days. At last Jack and his parents embarked on the beautiful waters of Lake Tanganyika, and negro boatmen, singing at their paddles, took them to the Island of Kavala, which was Jack's home during all his babyhood in Central Africa. Friends in England sent him many playthings, which he shared with his Waguha playmates, and he never knew that Equatorial Africa was not the pleasantest place in the world for a white boy to grow up in.—New York Sun.

Does It Hurt Him?

Does a dismembered limb retain sensitiveness? Many persons hold firmly that it does. Their belief is apparently sustained by those strange and vivid imaginings of persons who have lost a hand or foot, and declare positively that they have feelings in the fingers or toes of the lost member. The phenomenon, however, has been explained in a scientific way. Such cases are frequent, and Edgar Bergen, a 12-year-old boy who lives at 240 West Michigan street, is an example. He was taking a ride on the cars in the Big Four yards, when he slipped. He was dragged some distance, but could not maintain a safe position, and his left foot was cut off above the ankle, remaining in the shoe. The boy was taken home, and his leg was amputated just below the knee. The foot was taken to Crown Hill and buried in a lot near his mother's grave. The little fellow bore his pains bravely and never lost consciousness, but he complains frequently that the toes of his dismembered foot are cramped, and the foot seems still to be in position. The foot was placed in a cramped position in the box in which it was buried, and a member of the household declares that this accounts for the boy's sensations, and recalls cases which she thinks confirm this view.—Indianapolis News.

The Novel of the Future.

Edmund Gosse, the English critic, gives his reasons in The Forum for believing that the novel of the future will not be "realistic." He gives the school of Zola credit for having killed forever the excesses of the old fashioned story, but the realists, he contends, have reached the limit of their development. On one side they have become gross, as the French and Russian novelists, and on the other side they have become insipid. The novel of the future will pay more heed to "the human instinct for mystery and beauty." Mr. Gosse writes an analysis of Zolaism, making an estimate of Zola, whom he calls the Vulcan among our later gods; and he has a pleasant word for our American realists, Mr. James and Mr. Howells.

Bismarck's Autograph on a Door.

The Museum of Antiquities at Gottingen has made a remarkable addition to its treasures. It consists in nothing less than the battered door of the university prison, on which is cut in bold characters the name of "Bismarck." It seems that the ex-chancellor, in his law student days, suffered a brief period of detention there for some trifling breach of discipline, and amused himself by carving his patronymic with unmistakable clearness on the door of the cell.—London World.

Birds of a feather, flock together.
So do pigs and Swine.
The Girls and Boys
all have their choice.
And so will I have mine,
which is
FAIRBANK'S SANTA CLAUS SOAP.
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.
THE BEST IN THE WORLD FOR ALL HOUSEHOLD AND LAUNDRY PURPOSES.
FAIRBANK'S SANTA CLAUS SOAP
MADE ONLY BY
N.K. FAIRBANK & CO.—CHICAGO.

Nine Thousand Manuscripts.

During the past two years from 8,500 to 9,000 manuscripts were annually submitted to The Century Magazine for publication. This is an increase over previous years, and does not include the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of propositions submitted with regard to articles. As there has been an increase in the number of periodicals published in America of late years, and as the newspapers are publishing more contributions than ever by writers not on the regular staff, it is evident that there has been an increase in literary activity at least in proportion to the increase in population.

Now out of 9,000 manuscripts a year The Century can only possibly print 400 or less. It follows that editing a magazine is not unlike walking into a garden of flowers and gathering a single bouquet. In other words, not to accept an article, a story, a poem, is not necessarily to "reject" it. There may be weeds in the garden—there must be weeds in the garden—but the fact that a particular blossom is not gathered into the monthly bouquet does not prove that the editor regarded the blossom as a weed, and therefore passed it by.

It would be impossible to sweep all the flowers into a single handful. The "rejected" or "declined" are naturally prone to gibe at sympathetic or apologetic words from editorial sources, so we present the above simile with considerable diffidence. There is truth in it, nevertheless! And it would probably be much easier for editors to make up a number of bouquets from the flowers at their disposal than to gather the single one for which alone they have room.—Century.

The World's Leather.

Neat cattle furnish hides for more than half the world's leather. Next to them come goats, and after them the East Indian buffalo and the sheep. Horse hides are inconsiderable in amount and of low value. Pig skin used for saddles is in limited demand and supply. Dog skin and rat skin for gloves are mere items of account, not at all equal to the kangaroo skin, which has quite superseded some grades of calf, while deer hides furnish glove leather, as well as that for a variety of other needs. In 1886, New York imported from all sources about $7,500,000 worth of leather. In 1889 the amount fell to a little over $6,000,000.

The home supply of hides is far below the demand, in spite of all the cattle upon our 10,000 western hills, not to mention the plains of Texas or the ranches of New Mexico. Mexico herself sends us many hides, both of steer and goat. Indeed, she ranks next to South America, from whence comes two-thirds of our importations. The heaviest, consequently the best, ox hides come from Buenos Ayres. They weigh over twenty pounds each, and retch sixteen cents per pound. Big fortunes have come out of making "flint" hides, that is, purchasing the hides from the plainsmen, soaking them for weeks in saturated salt water, then dyeing and selling them. The advance in price is nominal, but each hide takes up ten pounds or so of salt, and this yields a big profit besides cost and carriage.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Stanley's Remedy for Slavery.

There is only one remedy for these wholesale devastations of African aborigines, and that is the solemn combination of England, Germany, France, Portugal, South and East Africa and Congo State against the introduction of gunpowder into any part of the continent except for the use of their own agents soldiers and employes, or seizing upon every tusk of ivory brought out, as there is not a single piece nowadays which has been gained lawfully. Every tusk, piece and scrap in the possession of an Arab trader has been steeped and dyed in blood.

Every pound weight has cost the life of a man woman or child; for every five pounds a hut has been burned; for every two tusks a whole village has been destroyed; every twenty tusks have been obtained at the price of a district, with all its people, villages and plantations. It is simply incredible that because ivory is required for ornaments or billiard games, the rich heart of Africa should be laid waste at this late year of the Nineteenth century, signalized as it has been by so much advance; that populations, tribes and nations should be utterly destroyed.—Henry M. Stanley in Scribner's.

Making a Speech.

It may look like a very easy thing for a member, having his speech written, to deliver it during the course of an hour in the house, but it is not such an easy thing as it looks. The average speaker gets a deal of athletic exercise in the course of an hour's speech. There are some members in the house who can stand and read a speech without lifting a hand except to turn the pages, and almost without changing position; and there are others who can talk all day without getting tired; but the average speaker perspires as if he were sawing wood. An offhand speech of ten minutes does not count, but the man who throws his arms in the air as if whirling Indian clubs, hammers his desk like a blacksmith, and dances all around the place for an hour or more is taking very violent exercise. Experience has taught some of them that it is not safe to make such a speech without taking extra precautions against cooling off too quickly afterwards. — Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

Conkling's Generosity.

It was the same with Roscoe Conkling. He charged the millionaires, but he worked for nothing for the poor. A highly cultured widow of Washington, whose property was tied up and was being unjustly appropriated by others through a supposed legal technicality, met Mr. Conkling in New York and presented her case. He offered to take it up, but she told him she could not pay him. In the gentlest manner Mr. Conkling told her he would do it for nothing, and he then set the machinery of law in motion, which gave her back her little fortune. It did not cost her a cent.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Health of Miners.

It is the impression among some who have never investigated the subject that the occupation of coal mining is unhealthy, and it will surprise the majority to learn that now the ventilation of the collieries has been so much improved that the coal miner ranks among the healthiest of workingmen. As a rule miners are undersized. This is due to their occupation, as are also their well developed trunks and arms. The most frequent functional derangements among them are dyspepsia and headache. The "miner's back" is a well known complaint in districts where small seams are worked, and it is a very troublesome one to colliery doctors.

A few years ago the mining classes used to suffer largely, far in excess of the rest of the population, from lung diseases. There was a form of miners' phthisis, known as anthrocosis, where, on post mortem examination, the lung was found to be perfectly black. If the lung was squeezed there exuded a dirty black, ink like fluid, caused by the presence of large quantities of unburnt carbon. But all this is, to a very great extent, a thing of the past. A case of well marked anthrocosis is now a very rare thing, owing to the improved ventilation of the mines.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Highest of American Peaks.

"The highest mountain in America" must now be changed from Mount St. Elias to Mount Wrangel, a little to the north of the former peak. Several of these mountains have been newly measured. Mount Hood, once "roughly" estimated at 15,000 feet, then "closely" at 16,000, was brought down by triangulation to 13,000. An aneroid barometer made it 12,000 and a mercurial barometer made it 11,225. Mount St. Elias, estimated by D'Egelot at 12,672 feet, was triangulated by Mr. Baker at 13,500. It now appears that Mount Wrangel rises 18,400 feet above Copper river, which is in turn 2,000 feet above the sea level at that point. If this holds good, Mount Wrangel is a good 2,000 feet higher than any other peak in North America, and has the distinction of being within the United States besides.—St. Louis Republic.

The Cylindrograth.

The cylindrograth is an instrument of French invention for taking panoramic photographs in connection with military surveying and the like. It is very simple in construction. A semi-circular cylinder having a small lens in the center moves on an axis, and it is provided with a dark slide of some material which will bend without breaking. When a view is to be taken the lens is moved from one side of the landscape to the other. Rapidity of execution rather than artistic effect is the object aimed at.—Christian at Work.

The Outlaw Stud.

There is said to be a large band of wild horses, known to stockmen as the "Outlaw Stud," ranging between Truckee, Nevada county, Cal., and Avine, Nev. Years ago the stallion, a thoroughbred racer, escaped to the mountains, and has since defied capture. By desperate riding stockmen manage to get into the band every year and drive out the colts. The horses range on the highest peaks, beyond where cattle or sheep often go. They only go to water once a day, and then in single file down the mountain trail as fast as they can run. They go back at their leisure.—Montreal Star.

SEEKING FOOD IN THE DESERT.

Grim Starvation in Stanley's Camp in the African Wilderness.

After informing the unfortunate cripples of our intention to proceed forward until we could find food, that we might not all be lost, and send relief as quickly as it could be obtained, I consigned the fifty-two men, eighty-one loads and ten canoes in charge of Captain Nelson, bade him be of good cheer and, hoisting our loads and boat on our shoulders, we marched away.

No more gloomy spot could have been selected for a camp than that sandy terrace, encompassed by rocks and hemmed in narrowly by those dark woods, which rose from the river's edge to the height of 600 feet, and pent in the never ceasing uproar which was created by the writhing and tortured stream and the twin cataracts which ever rivaled each other's thunder. The imagination shudders at the hapless position of those crippled men, who were doomed to remain inactive, to listen every moment to the awful sound of that irreconcilable fury of wrathful waters, and the monotonous and continuous roar of plunging rivers; to watch the leaping waves coiling and twisting into uprising columns as they ever wrestled for mastery with each other, and were dashed in white fragments of foam far apart by the ceaseless force of driven currents; to gaze at the dark, relentless woods spreading upward and around, standing perpetually fixed in dull green, mourning over past ages, past times and past generations; then think of the night with its palpable blackness; the dead, black shadows of the wooded hills; that eternal sound of fury, that ceaseless boom of the cataracts, the indefinite forms born of nervousness and fearfulness; that misery engendered by loneliness, and creeping sense of abandonment; then will be understood something of the true position of these poor men.

And what of us, trudging up those wooded slopes to gain the crest of the forest upland, to tramp on and on, whither, we knew not, for how long a time we dared not think, seeking for food, with the double responsibility weighing us down for these trustful brave follows with us, and for those, no less brave and trustful, whom we had left behind at the bottom of the horrible canyon?—Henry M. Stanley in Scribner's.

The Classified Boy.

"You say," said Mr. Brown to his son Jack, "that Mr. Perkins has a son in your school. How old a boy is he?"

"Oh, he's only a young kid, papa."

"A young kid! About how old is a 'young kid,' now?"

"About six or seven."

"What is a boy after he is done being a 'young kid?'"

"Oh, then he gets to be a 'kid.'"

"What after that?"

"Well, he's a 'kid' until he gets to be about thirteen, and then he's a 'young feller,' if he's pretty big."

"None but good sized boys can be 'young fellers,' eh?"

"No, sir. Then they stay being young fellers until they're about nineteen, and then they're men."

"Indeed! But how do you class them at the other end of the line? Are they always 'young kids' after they are babies?"

"Oh, no, sir. First they're 'cubs.' They don't get to be 'young kids' until they get out of dresses."

"But when," the father asked, growing more and more curious, "when is a boy supposed to be a 'lad?'"

"We don't have any lads nowadays, sir. We read about 'em in books, but we don't have any. I've always wondered about how old a 'lad' was."

"But you have 'boys,' surely?"

"Oh, yes, sir. They're all boys, of course, 'n il they get to be men. Only these are the different kinds of boys."—Youth's Companion.

Manners.

I make it a point of morality never to find fault with another for his manners. They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic, I care not what they are, if the man means well and acts from honest intentions, without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantages of "good society," as it is called, to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies; and if there is any standard of manners, it is well founded on reason and good sense, and not upon these artificial regulations. Manners, like conversation, should be extemporaneous and not studied. I always suspect a man that meets me with the same perpetual smile on his face, the same bending of the body and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the hearty—it may be rough—grip of the hand, the careless nod of recognition, and, when occasion requires, the homely but welcome salutation: "How are you, my old friend?"—New York Ledger.

Diet of Old People.

As we increase in age—when we have spent, say, our first half century—less energy and activity remain, and less expenditure can be made; less power to eliminate is possible at 50 than at 30, still less at 60 and upward. Less nutriment, therefore, says Sir Henry Thompson, must be taken in proportion as age advances, or rather as activity diminishes, or the individual will suffer. If he continue to consume the same abundant breakfast, substantial lunches and heavy dinners which at the summit of his power he could dispose of almost with impunity, he will in time certainly either accumulate fat, or become acquainted with gout or rheumatism, or show signs of unhealthy deposit of some kind in some part of the body—processes which must inevitably poison, undermine or shorten his remaining term of life. He must reduce his "intake," because a small expenditure is an enforced condition of existence.

Sheep vs. Pigs.

Niece—What do you think about this carpet? It is only $1.50 a yard, and Brussels.

Aunt—Too much. I got one, all wool, for $1, and I'm sure I'd rather have wool than brustles.—Lowell Citizen.

Wonders

Are wrought by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor in restoring gray hair to its original color, promoting a new growth, preventing the hair from falling, keeping it soft, silky, and abundant, and the scalp cool, healthy, and free from dandruff or humors. The universal testimony is that this preparation has no equal as a dressing, and is, therefore, indispensable to every well-furnished toilet.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair to use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing."—Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, East Pittston, Me.

"Some time ago my wife's hair began to come out quite freely.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

not only prevented my wife from becoming bald, but it also caused an entirely new growth of hair. I am ready to certify to this statement before a justice of the peace."—H. Hulsebus, Lewisburgh, Iowa.

"Some years ago, after a severe attack of brain fever, my hair all came out. I used such preparations for restoring it as my physicians ordered, but failed to produce a growth of hair. I then tried, successively, several articles recommended by druggists, and all alike fell short of accomplishing the desired result. The last remedy I applied was Ayer's Hair Vigor, which brought a growth of hair in a few weeks. I think I used eight bottles in two years; more than was necessary as a restorative, but I liked it as a dressing, and have continued to use it for that purpose. I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor possesses virtues far above those of any similar preparation now on the market."—Vincent Jones, Richmond, Ind.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

When going to Europe,

OR SENDING FOR YOUR FRIENDS,

be sure to secure passage by one of the

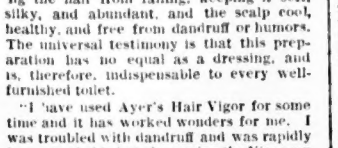
MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS

OF THE FAMOUS

White Star Line

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND POPULAR

OF ALL OCEAN LINES.



The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC, 582 Feet. 10,000 Tons. 18,000 Horsepower.

TEUTONIC, 582 Feet. 10,000 Tons. 18,000 Horsepower.

BRITANNIC,

GERMANIC,

ADRIATIC,

CELTIC,

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,

Calling at QUEENSTOWN to Land and Embark Passengers and Mails.

The WHITE STAR LINE STEAMERS are among the LARGEST, FASTEST, SAFEST and FINEST afloat. They are lighted by Electricity, and are foremost in all appointments for the comfort of their passengers of all classes. Cabin passengers are carried only midships. Second Cabin and Steerage passengers are carried on same decks as Cabin, in large, well ventilated rooms. Although the accommodations are unexcelled, rates are as low as by any other strictly first class passenger line.

First and Second Cabin tickets, good for one year, issued at very moderate rates.

The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.

For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's office

J. BRUCE ISMAY, Gl Ag't, 41 Broadway, New York.

N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,

54 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD: General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Positively unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs sealed (free). Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

THREE GREAT CITIES of the WEST

CHICAGO

LINKED TOGETHER BY THE

CHICAGO & ALTON R. R.

No Change of Cars BETWEEN CHICAGO & KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS, AND ST. LOUIS & KANSAS CITY.

Union Depots in EAST ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY, and CHICAGO. No other lines runs

PALACE DINING CARS

between CHICAGO and KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO and ST. LOUIS, and ST. LOUIS and KANSAS CITY. Meals equal to those served in any First-Class Hotel, only 75 cents. The finest

PALACE RECLINING CHAIR CARS

in the world are run in all Through Trains, day and night, without change, and FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE.

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS

the finest, best and safest in use anywhere.

The best and quickest route from CHICAGO to MEMPHIS, MOBILE, NEW ORLEANS, and all points SOUTH via ST. LOUIS.

The Short Line to

Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Nebraska, Oregon, California, etc.

The GREAT EXCURSION ROUTE between the NORTH and SOUTH, and to and from the RICH LANDS and the HEALTH RESORTS and MINING DISTRICTS of the West and Southwest.

See that your tickets read via "CHICAGO & ALTON RAILROAD."

For Maps, Time Tables, and all information, address

JAMES CHARLTON, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, 210 Dearborn Street, Corner Adams Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

J. C. McMULLIN, Vice-President.

G. H. CHAPPELL, General Manager.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS

Prof J. P. Lauth, H C R, 361 N Clark st
John O'Neill, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis.
J J Dillon, H. S, 194 N Clark st.
N Wallenborn, H. Treas., 319 E Division st.
Dr. J W Niles, H M E, 396 LaSalle av.
Chas Langale, S C.
Stephen Conley, J C.
J D Raggio, I S.
Jas Kelley, O S.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

J P Lauth, John O'Neill, J J Dillon, N Wallenborn, Dr J W Niles, P J Cahill, P Chambers, N F Franchere, John Bednors, Henry Detmer, John W Clancy.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Smith, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G R Brackett, F S; Dr G O Syson, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—Thos Malley, C R, 24 Rumsey st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; E D LeTourneau, F S; F J Sheehy, Treas; Dr J B Phelan, C P. Meet 1st Thursday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in McElroy's hall, corner Indiana and Paulina sts.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Pitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Mewson, R S, 3518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Ruehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 140 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Glow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgobann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, SouthChicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—E Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 598 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 S Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 413 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, S p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 256 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph F Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 233 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 18 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas, Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 98 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringe, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 235 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nalles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brunciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter F Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 3d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av,

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.

County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.

County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec., Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2535 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres., J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m. at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 482 Forty-third-st., John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 446 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st.; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert. Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 96 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch. Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Derrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Hensly; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts, V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connelis Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 198 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1291 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1229 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—Pres. William J. Dougherty, 47th st. and Centre av.; V.-P., J. McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., Thomas Baker, 4714 Loomis st.; Fin. Sec., James Doherty; Treas., Patrick Grace. Meet first Sunday of each month at 8 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHenus, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J F Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas. Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 32—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3200 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Biren; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

EMERALD BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND BRANCH.

Spiritual Directors, Rev. John F. Brady, Lambertville, N. J.; Rev. J. D. Bowles, Fremont, O.

President, Rev. F. G. Lents, Tipton, Ind.

First Vice-President, Dr. J. T. Bussey, Baltimore, Md.

Second Vice-President, Michael Mullin, Troy, N. Y.

Secretary, J. B. McCalley, Pittsburg, Pa.

Treasurer, David A. Carey, Toronto, Ont.

Marshal, Henry Britt, Girard, O.

Sergeant at-Arms, Thomas Callahan, Norfolk, Va.

ST. STEPHENS BRANCH No. 4.—President, Robert Lynch, 215 W. Kinzie-st.; Vice-Pres., Dr. William O'Connell; Secretary, P. J. McKeague, 566 Carroll av; Treas, J. J. Clemente; Marshal, Michael Muldoon. Meets the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at the corner of Sangamon and Ohio streets.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.

Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.

John L. Cunningham, 2900 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.

Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av. Jersey City, N.J.

Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.

John Patton, No. 1 Yeoman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.

Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 3010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Dan'l Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.

Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.

P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.

Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.

Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 204 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

OFFICERS OF THE ILLINOIS WI

THERE'S MANY A MAN IN CHICAGO

WHO HAS SAID TO HIMSELF

"WHAT! RESIDENCE LOTS $100?

That's preposterous. The property is certainly not desirable—the improvements are not of a good character; it's no place for me. SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG." READER, THAT IS A MISTAKE. IT IS JUST THE PLACE FOR YOU, and you can find absolutely no fault with

"MAGNETIC" GROSSDALE.

It is one of the most handsomely situated and best improved suburban cities on the C., B. & Q. R. R. Excelled by None. Eclipsing many. Only 28 minutes' ride from the Union Depot; 44 suburban trains daily. Over $160,000 spent by me in improving and beautifying the entire city. Macadamized boulevard; main sewer in boulevard; street lamps for full length of boulevard; 30 miles of sidewalks; shade trees in front of all lots; streets all graded; parks laid out and filled with beautiful flowers, shrubs, and trees; theatre building filled with stores and offices; fine pressed brick and stone depot; many handsome houses erected. And Still I Sell Lots for $100. $25 to $50 cash, balance monthly payments of $5 upward. To Visit Grossdale call at my office. Salesmen will accompany you free.

Grand Free Excursions Every Saturday at 2:30. Every Sunday at 1:45.

Free Tickets at Main Office during the week or at depot gate 10 minutes before train time.

S. E. Gross,

SOUTHEAST COR. DEARBORN AND RANDOLPH-STS.

FATHER KOENIG'S TRADE MARK NERVE TONIC

Sleeplessness Cured.

I am glad to testify that I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the best success for sleeplessness, and believe that it is really a great relief for suffering humanity.
E. FRANK, Pastor.
St. Severin, Keyserton P. O., Pa.

Terrible Attacks.

ALAMOSA, Col., Jan., '89.

My wife was troubled with nervousness about one year before she took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and at that time had very severe attacks of spasm, convulsions, and pains in different parts of the body, when in this state her lower jaws would act violently and set sometimes, bite her tongue, breath heavily, then short, then seemed to stop entirely, get a wild look in her eyes and rolling around, then stop sometimes, it would take 2 men to hold her in bed, otherwise her body would cramp and be so for 3 hours. She took but 2 bottles of the Nerve Tonic which cured here entirely of all these torments which myself and wife gladly testify, it truly had the desired effect.
D. S. McGILLIS.

Our **Pamphlet** for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent **free** to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,
60 West Madison, cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Price $1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for $5.
W. G. SCUPHAM, 63 State St.
E. H. HELLER, 3023 Archer Av, Chicago.

☞ Catalogues of new and second-hand books in stock furnished free to any address on application.

C. N. CASPAR,
BOOK EMPORIUM,
DEALER IN AND IMPORTER OF
American, British, German and French Books,
ANCIENT AND MODERN.
No. 437 East Water-st., Milwaukee, Wis.

Direct Connections with all Foreign Countries. Any Book in Any Language Obtained.
"OUT OF PRINT" BOOKS A SPECIALTY.
Send for books tried to obtain elsewhere in vain. Correspondence solicited.

BOOKS, New and Second-hand, bought sold and exchanged.
50,000 volumes in stock. Standard, Technical, Scientific, Antiquarian and School Books Specialties.—Importation orders promptly executed and books "out of print" procured.

IRISH DILISK.

This splendid natural cure for the very worst forms of dyspepsia and kidney disease, freshly imported from Ireland, is for sale by DUFFY BROTHERS, General Western Agents and Importers No. 314 Blue Island avenue, Chicago Price 25 cents per pound, with large reductions to liberal consumers. Country orders for 5 pounds and upwards only will be filled.

TEAS!

Best Sample Tea	20c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

WHY PAY MORE?

SEXTON, The Tea Man,
20 and 22 State St.
Branches { 60 CHICAGO AV. / 280 BLUE ISLAND AV.
CHICAGO, ILL.

DOWLING & CARROLL'S
SOCIAL RENDEZVOUS,
256 N. CLARK STREET,
OPPOSITE TURNER HALL.
Choice Selection of Wines, Liquors and Cigars Always in Stock.

M. E. AMES, ATTORNEY, ROOM 6, 81 S. CLARK-ST.

ESTATE OF GEORGE M. MITCHELL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of George M. Mitchell, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1890, being the 21st day thereof. CHARLES S. EVELAND, Administrator.
Dated Chicago, May 16, 1890.

I sell on small weekly payments or for cash

DIAMONDS, Watches, Fine Jewelry & Silverware

Of all descriptions. You have use of the goods while paying for them. OPEN BOTH DAY AND EVENING.

D. O'DONOVAN ROSSA,
Manufacturer's Agent.
THE ORIGINAL INSTALLMENT JEWELER.
Store Next Door to Haymarket Theatre,
169 W. Madison St.,
CHICAGO.
N. B.—Watches and Jewelry Repaired. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Real Estate Agents.

MURPHY & AMES, Real Estate, Loans, and Insurance, 81 S. Clark-st., Room 6. Chicago. M. E. Ames, Attorney-at-Law.

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P., Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st. Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 113 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 981.

Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM, Dealer in Teas, Wines and Liquors. 44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago. Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'BEIRNE, P. Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries and Ship Supplies. Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware. 249 W. Harrison street. Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J. Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars, Headquarters for Imported Dilisk, 113 Erie-st., corner Market, Chicago.

Tailors and Drapers.

JAMES CUSHING, The Artistic and Reliable Merchant Tailor and Draper, No. 208 South Halsted-st., near VanBuren. A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Furniture.

SMYTH, JOHN M., Dealer in Household Goods, Pianos and Organs, 158, 160, 162 & 164 West Madison Street, Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S, Dealers in All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Office and Yard 303 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

CALL ON

M. WALL,

THE ARTISTIC CUTTER,
For your next suit. Prices and goods will please you.
475 S. HALSTED STREET,
Near Twelfth St. CHICAGO.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. **H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 Pearl St., N.Y.**

ROOT'S PURGATIVE PILLS cure all Blood Diseases, Constipation and Biliousness.

H.R.EAGLE

Price's Baking Powder, per lb	29 cents
40 bars Standard Family Soap for	$1.00
A 6-lb box Best Laundry Starch for	28 cents
A half-gallon Jar Best Bluing for	20 cents
A Large Sized Hammock for	75 cents
An Easy Lawn Chair for	75 cents
2-Quart Model Ice Cream Freezer	99 cents
3-Quart Model Ice Cream Freezer	$1.17
Butterine, per pail	99 cents
Finest Creamery Buttter, per lb	16 cents
A 2-lb can Blueberries for	3 cents
A 3-lb can Asparagus for	5 cents
Swiss Brand Condensed Milk, per can	9 cents
Imported Holland Herring, per keg	48 cents
A 5-lb jar pure Fruit Jelly for	29 cents
A 2-lb jar pure Fruit Jelly for	10 cents
Pint Mason Fruit Jars, each	5 cents
Quart Mason Fruit Jars, each	6 cents
Half-Gallon Mason Fruit Jars, each	8 cents
A 1b package Corn Starch for	5 cents
Ground Scottish Oatmeal, per lb	2 cents
12 large boxes Dry Bluing for	5 cents
Imported Capers, per bottle	10 cents

FLOUR.

Fancy Minnesota Patent Flour, per brl.....$5.48
H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Pat. Flour, pr brl....$5.68

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

Finest Old St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl.....$4.78

FOR

25¢.

We will give you a Basket Fired Japan Tea that is better than what you are now paying 40c for. Don't fail to try it.

COFFEES.

5 lbs Roasted Rio Coffee for	$1.00
3½ lbs Blended Roasted Coffee for	1.00
3¼ lbs Special Roasted Java Coffee for	1.00
4 lbs After-Dinner Java Coffee for	1.00

SOAPS.

40 bars Kirk's Standard Family Soap for	$1.00
25 bars Babbitt's Best Soap for	1.00
20 bars Werk's German Mottled Soap for	1.00
100 bars Kirk's White Cloud Soap for	5.00

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,

GROCERS, 68 WABASH-AV.
TELEPHONE 2964.
ORDERS BY MAIL OR TELEPHONE PROMPTLY CARED FOR.

RHEUMATISM CONQUERED

SIR DOMINICK CORRIGAN'S, M.D.,
Dublin.
(Ireland's Most Distinguished Physician).
RHEUMATIC & GOUT REMEDY

The most wonderful medical discovery of the age. Where everything else fails it cures. Highest testimonials. Money refunded to purchaser if a cure is not effected. Send $1 and we will express bottle with full directions. Address BRYAN G. McSWINY, Sole Agent for United States,

SIR DOMINICK CORRIGAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY CO.,
240 Broadway New York.
☞Or if you order through your druggist be sure and GET THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE
AGENTS WANTED.

1840 Fiftieth Anniversary. 1890
—OF THE—
OLD RELIABLE
CUNARD LINE.
Carrying the British & U. S. Mails.
FAST EXPRESS MAIL SERVICE.
EVERY SATURDAY FROM NEW YORK.
ALSO FORTNIGHTLY WEDNESDAY SAILINGS.
Besides a Weekly Service from Boston Every Saturday.

This Line Has the Largest, Fastest, and Most Magnificent Fleet in the World.

Its character, record and general reputation for speed, comfort and safety (having never lost a passenger in the 50 years of its existence) requires no comment.

F. G. WHITING,
Manager Western Dept.
131 Randolph St., (under Sherman House.)

P. V. FITZPATRICK, 145 Twenty-second St
M. J. GERAGHTY, 433 W Twelfth Street.
(Adjoining Jesuit Church.)

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.

JOHN NAGHTEN & CO.,
GENERAL AGENTS
Hibernia Insurance Company,
OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Chicago Office, 181 LaSalle-st.
TELEPHONE NO. 533.

F. D. Kinsella & Co.
22 & 24 FOURTH-AV., Chicago,
Designers and Manufacturers of
Stained, Cut, and Embossed
Glass
For Churches, Residences, Public Halls and Buildings, &c.

PHOTO-ENGRAVING.
IT PAYS TO ILLUSTRATE YOUR BUSINESS.
Portraits, and cuts of colleges, hotels, factories, machinery, &c., made to order from photographs.
Prices Low—Send stamp for specimen sheets.
Metropolitan Press Agency,
New York City.

KNIGHT'S
Blood Cure.

A standard household remedy in successful use more than 40 years. A positive cure for Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Nervous Prostration, Constipation and all diseases of the Blood, Stomach and Liver.
Unequaled for Producing a Clear Complexion.
A botanical compound, put up in packages and sent by mail at *one-third the cost* of ordinary medicine. Large packages, sufficient for 3 quarts, $1.00; half-size packages, sufficient for 3 pints, 50c.; sample packages, 25c.
A reliable Agent wanted in this locality.
KNIGHT BOTANICAL CO., 252 Broadway, N.Y.

Your Summer Suit Will Cost You but **$12.**

Less than a dollar a week for the whole summer's comfort besides the good there'll be in them for a second season. Isn't it cheap? And doubly so when you consider they are $15 and $18 Suits—not the flimsy, unsightly and poorly made so generally offered, but stylish, well-made and elegant garments—you can not help but admire them. An abundance of White and Fancy Vests.

Wanamaker & Brown,

State and Adams Sts.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.

M. O'BRIEN,
House Mover.

Buildings Re-silled and Underpinned. Substantial and Reasonable, by Experienced Workmen. Country Correspondence invited. Address—

M. O'BRIEN,
3 BLUE ISLAND AVENUE,
CHICAGO.

$75 PER MONTH SALARY
and expenses paid, any active man or woman to sell a line of Silver Plated Ware. Watches and Jewelry by sample only; can live at home. We furnish Team Free. Full particulars and sample case Free. We mean just what we say, and do exactly as we agree. Address at once,
FREE
Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

Joseph Schlitz
Brewing Company,

MILWAUKEE,
REPRESENTED BY
EDWARD G. UIHLEIN.
Corner Erie and Union streets, Chicago.

CONRAD SEIPP
Brewing Company,

FOOT OF 37TH STREET,
Chicago, Ill.

☞Brewers and Bottlers of the Celebrated Salvator Beer.
PILSENER LAGER BEER

COOKE
Brewing Co

FOOT OF 27th STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers, Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use. Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer.
TELEPHONE 8298.

KEELEY
Brewing Co.,

MALTSTERS
AND
LAGER BEER
Brewers,
28th St., and Cottage Grove Av.,
CHICAGO.

McAVOY
BREWING COMPANY.

PURE BARLEY MALT
LAGER BEER.
2349 SOUTH PARK-AVE.